The
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LIFE IN THE TRAINING CAMPS

By CAPTAIN EDWARD LYELL FOX

[WAR CORRESPONDENT AND AUTHOR OF "WILHELM HOHENZOLLERN & CO."]

SPACES of sandy pine woods, swelling fields ready for the harvest, the sleepy villages of south Jersey, had been whirling past our motor—and then wet got our first glimpse of Camp Dix. A confusion of unpainted pine sheds took shape; a towering dark skeleton that might have been an artillery observation post on France's front, but merely a water tower in the making; and then the army trucks rumbling through the mazes of vaguely defined roads, workmen swarming by the thousands, a negro sentinel who shouted at us, "Halt! Who's dar!" . . . That was our first impression of Camp Dix.

Commissioned at the Training Camp of Madison Barracks, we had been ordered with hundreds of our brother officers to report for duty at this New Jersey cantonment of the new National Army—America's answer to the German War Lords. It was with a thrill that one realized that at this same time, ten thousand officers, products of the intensive courses conducted by the War Department during the summer, now ending, were reporting at cantonments similar to Camp Dix throughout our land. America had called to arms. The first draft, six hundred thousand men for the new Na-

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tional Army, would be in these cantonments by October. And we were to make them into soldiers and lead them into battle—in France . . . A glorious new adventure had begun.

Now it is upon this National Army that the safety of our land depends. It is not my purpose to present the facts for this statement. They have been before the public, brought there by our President, by our Secretary of State—the designs of the Imperial German Government upon the liberty of the world, upon *our* liberty, have been officially put before our people by Washington. Our little Regular Army, our National Guard, is speeding over-seas. In that vast battle-line of Europe they will be swallowed up. But they will hold the line for America until the National Army comes—until we come. Not forgetting that we number but a half million or so; and that when we leave cantonment, others will come in, be trained and go as we shall go. And so as our pressure gets greater will the Hohenzollern sue for peace. For as the French say, "Jusqu' a bout"—"To the end!" We shall finish this Imperial menace *now;* we shall not leave it for our sons to fight over. And that is the mood of our awakened nation, of its National Army.

Will it be able to accomplish that? Will the American make as good a soldier as the formidable helmeted man of the Kaiser's legions? Have these drafted men the stuff? What of the spirit? Has the mass of America been civilian so long that the problem of having it act and think in a military way, will be overwhelming? . . . Let us see.

Come back with me to the cantonment in Jersey as we saw it that first day. There, near Wrightstown, one of those Four Corners villages with a "general store," a wooden city was rising overnight. To the swarmings of eight thousand workmen, a mad clatter of hammers, the shouts of laborers, unloading lumber from an interminable line of flat cars, the comings and goings of preoccupied Engineer officers; farmers, busy gathering in their crops that fell within the confines of this new military area, and the bewildered questionings of civilian concession seekers, Camp Dix grew.

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Where on this tract of pine-fringed Jersey flatland there was, in July, but a few isolated farmhouses, there was by August end, the sturdy unpainted shape of a permanent military garrison. Where of a morning, so it seemed, there had been but a pile of lumber, evening often found the skeleton of a pine shed. Magically the framwork filled in; buildings grew from nothing in mere days. Wasn't it Cadmus who sowed teeth and a host of armed men appeared?

We officers were at Camp Dix for more than a week before the first of the National Army came. You will recall that this first quota of the new army was called to the colors in different groups—the first five per cent reporting on September 6th, then different percentages coming in until a month later saw the first draft of the National Army in cantonment. What would they be like? How would they take to military training? Did they have the fighting stuff in them? Harrassing speculations, these, for the officers who were called upon to produce results with a new army.

As always, rumor ran wild. There were tales of the Socialists, of the I. W. W., of German agents, who had cleverly waged campaigns in the draft centers. Not a little apprehension was felt over what these breeders of sedition might have created. And then the men came.

In military things they were absolutely green. In less than a month we could comfortably rely upon half of these men as fairly efficient, non-commissioned officers. Old-time soldiers will smile at this. Those who smile do not yet know what it is possible to accomplish by the new intensive training that the war has developed. They do not know that in August, 1914, England took college men, trained them day and night for five weeks and sent them into the field as Lieutenants. That was necessity; the lieutenants were not efficient at the front, but they became so in time. But from 1914 to 1917 the makers of armies learned much. Our experiment in this work was the officers' training camps of the past summer. What was accomplished can be seen by any trained military observer who watches the officers of the Reserve Corps moulding the National Army.

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Here is the meat of it: Not a few of the drafted men are of a caliber that could have won commissions in the officers' training camps, and the identical methods that were put into effect there by the regular army instructors were applied here in September to some few of the draft. For this was the situation:

Our records showed us that by the first of October each Battery would have received its full war strength. To handle these men, there was a Captain and four Lieutenants. Where were the non-commissioned officers to come from? Our Battery got two from the Regular Army; we needed nearly fifty. Allah provides no non-coms. Our Regular Army already in France could ill afford to spare any of its Drill Sergeants. It was up to us to make our own. And just as the barracks were put up over night, so were the assistant Drill Sergeants.

At the outset, a record was made of every man; his character was studied. Down into the Captain's book went certain information. Was his intelligence above the average? How did he respond to discipline? Did he unconsciously have a military bearing, or was it possible to give him one? Did he think quickly and accurately, or was he slow witted? Did he rattle? What had he done in civil life?

As swiftly as accuracy would permit, this data was obtained. A Commander made mental notes as to whom might be used as non-commissioned officers and whom not. Training—the task of first making men *soldiers,* before specializing them in artillery or infantry—began. Do you know the difference between the American and the German system? If you would understand this National Army; if you would put yourself in a position to judge accurately what you may expect from your army, you should understand that difference. It is psychological; it is the key to the situation.

I stood in the dreary barrack yard of the German infantry *Kaserne* at Frankfort-am-Main. It was during this war. With me was a German cavalry officer, Major Von Warnecke. Across the yard from us stood a sloppy line of new recruits. I had just come back from the front in France

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and had seen the machine-like efficiency of the Kaiser's host. I knew that before many months had passed, that line of barrack yard gawks would be marching with all the rigidness of the German Army. I marvelled how it was accomplished. I asked Major Von Warnecke, who was in charge of the training.

In an airy manner, it never occurring to him that he was disposing of the personality of men, he said, " We take away their name and give them a number. As Hans Schmidt a man ceases to exist. We strive to," and the Major cynically smiled, " entirely destroy all their individuality. They become cogs in a machine," and his manner took on that objectional Prussian boastfulness, " a world-invincible machine, as you have seen."

A year later in our conferences at that West Point of the civilian army, the Officers' Training Camp, I remembered his remark. It came to me in shocking contrast. Our instructor was reading to us from the Regulations of the United States Army. He read aloud, " *Officers will keep in as close touch as possible with the men under their command and will strive to build up such relations of confidence and sympathy as will insure the free approach of their men to them for counsel and assistance.*"

And again another contrast of this war,—that vision of the streets of Lille during the German occupation—a German private approaching an officer and getting a riding crop slashed across his face. The individuality of that soldier had been so destroyed, that he seemed to take it as a matter of course. Of course nothing was done to the officer by his superiors—it having happened in the German Army. The point is, that no American officer would do such a thing; and if there was one, he would be court-martialed in a flash and his commission taken away from him.

That brings us to the individual in the new National Army. His personality has *not* been submerged into a machine. It is almost a paradox, one of those strange paradoxes that make truth. What the Germans, wise as they are in war, think impossible has been accomplished; the men

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are in the process of being made perfect in the military evolutions. Not a detail is being overlooked; if a movement is executed wrongly it is repeated until it is correct. Precise discipline is insisted upon. Smoothly working, fighting units are being turned out.

We won't use the word machine, for a machine has no soul. Rather, we will use "team work." It is familiar to Americans; they are used to it in both football and baseball. They see it when a "double steal" is pulled off in the ninth inning with the score close. They see it when the Varsity eleven hold for downs on its three yard line. That spirit of the American schools and universities is the spirit of the National Army. Team work? In Germany it is unknown. In their universities they have no chance to develop it; they have no sports that require it. Their army is machine-perfect. Ours will have perfect team work.

Bill Hawkins, who had gone through the High School of Olean, New York, who had gotten a job in the bank and who had never been further away from home than New York City in his life, found in the mail one morning a little slip telling him to report at an Exemption Board for a physical examination. His spirits at that time registered minus. He had felt all along that Tom and Jim would be called, but somehow, he'd miss; it simply couldn't be. It was something like the world coming to an end.

To the Exemption Board Bill went. A Doctor punched his ribs, indeed gave Bill a very trying quarter of an hour. Zealous persons, these small town Doctors, so eager were they not to be accused of wrongly exempting men that they sent some to camp physically unfit—who were returned to their homes. We got one man from a Jersey town who had two thumbs and six fingers on his right hand. An artillery officer remarked that he would be useful on the guns setting off data on the instruments with some of his fingers and using the others for cleaning the lens. But the Divisional Surgeon could not see it that way, and back the rookie went to Palmyra, N. J.

Of course, that was a singular case; it is a commentary,

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however, on the over-zealousness of rural doctors. All such cases were carefully weeded out by the Army Surgeons at camp so that the work of training was only begun with men fit for it. Bill Hawkins, for example, from the bank in Olean, was stamped "O. K." by the Army Surgeon who examined him as soon as he reported to camp. With Bill were many men from his home town; for the plan of the organizers of the National Army was to assign men from the same locality to the same regiment. One of the many special trains that on September 6th were hammering toward cantonments in all parts of the country brought Bill Hawkins to Camp Dix. He was met at the station by a young officer who wore U. S. R. on his collar and who had a steady appraising eye. He marched Bill off with his new comrades to the barracks. Here he was given an iron cot, a straw mattress, two olive drab blankets and a mess kit. From Napoleon has come down the dictum, "an army marches on its stomach." Bill Hawkins sat down to a warm meal. His first deep impression was one of savory food.

Presently he was taken out in the barrack yard with his new comrades and lined up according to height. This done, Bill was assigned to a temporary squad and was dismissed with the admonition that he remain around quarters. Were it not for the newness of it all, his curiosity excited, he must have felt depressed. What a sight that was!

Men in all kinds of civilian attire, trying to keep some kind of a military line, but never having been taught, they were quite hopeless. It is not the most inspiring thing in the world to be thinking about joining an army—thoughts of trim uniforms, of bands, flags—and then to be herded into a barrack yard in civilian clothes! It gives the look of and induces the feeling of a mob of strikers or "down and outs" waiting outside of a factory for a job. That is why officers are invariably so anxious to get their men in uniform.

And so Bill Hawkins was finally given his outfit. He was entirely satisfied until he put on the Army shoes; they felt too big. Greatly excited he sought a Lieutenant. "These

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shoes are seven and one-half," he said. "I wear sevens. Could I have them exchanged?"

The Lieutenant who had spent the summer hiking for ten miles at a stretch spoke with rare wisdom—the wisdom of blistered feet. "I thought the same as you did, Private Hawkins," he said, "and the first march I took landed me in the Hospital. Then I learned that on a stiff march the foot swells to a size one-half larger. Keep the shoes."

So, with his American Army shoes, which are the lightest and strongest in the world, with his canvas leggins, khaki pants, woolen shirt to match, campaign hat, its jaunty red cord of the Artillery, the only touch of color about him, Bill Hawkins fell in line to get his first instruction as a soldier. To the tune of "Attention"—"Right Face," "Forward March," "Halt," he began. He thought the Lieutenant in charge made a lot of fuss over nothing.

"I want you men," said the Lieutenant, "to stand at attention with your heels together—that means together, not one a quarter of an inch ahead of the other. I want you to rest the weight of the body lightly on the balls of your feet. Stand erect, chest out, shoulders thrown back, stomach pulled in, back slightly arched at the waist. Head is firm, chin high, eyes looking straight to the front. Hands hang naturally at the sides, thumbs just touching the seam of your trousers. That is called the position of the soldier. Try it."

Bill Hawkins tried; he tried again; he kept on trying; he tried for half an hour. But he couldn't see the sense of it. Later in the day at a conference it was explained to him.

"The work you did today," said the Captain, "was to give you complete control of your body in drills, so you can get around quickly and easily at every command. You all know how to walk and run, but you don't know how to do it without making extra work of it. You are being taught how to walk at a steady gait. Our military experts tried all sorts of ways before coming to the conclusion that marching 120 steps to the minute, keeping the upper part of the body erect, not exerting it, will find a man fresher at the end of a hard hike than any other gait."

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Bill Hawkins accepted this on faith, and having good stuff in him, made up his mind to get it right. Three weeks later he was made a Corporal—but I anticipate. There were those of his comrades, however, who could see no sense in all this, who never did a thing in the prescribed way unless an officer was standing over them. But there was always kitchen cleaning for them to do.

The next sensation Bill Hawkins had was the military physical training drill. This gave him a bad half-hour. He discovered the location of muscles, the existence of which he was unaware. Secretly he raged against this exercise. "I came here to fight," he muttered. He wondered what "arms forward and upward raise" had to do with war.

"For every man an army has in the hospital," he later heard the Captain say, "five men are needed to get him there and take care of him. A fighting man's worth depends upon his physical fitness. He must be strong enough to stand all kinds of physical strain, all kinds of weather, resist all kinds of disease. Also, his nerves and mentality must be in a condition to bear up under the terrific clamor of modern battle. These physical training exercises make you strong enough to stand that. It is the old story—the weak perish, the strong strive. I take it you all want to survive; don't spoil your chances by not doing your exercise conscientiously and neglecting the care of your body."

Bill Hawkins understood and appreciated. Like most of his comrades in the National Army, he decided not to be a weak sister. But the next day he got an awful shock. He was taught how to salute and told he would be required to salute all officers. Something rose within him. He told himself as he put up his hand imitating after the instructor that he was only doing this because he was compelled to. Nor was he alone in this. Back in quarters with his comrades that night, a little group began to buzz.

"I don't see why we have to be saluting all the time. I don't mind doing it once in a while, but this putting your hand up to your hat every time you see an officer, it's like a servant or something." There was a chorus of muttered

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assent. A generation of "I'm-as-good-as-the-next-man" thought was misinterpreting the salute. Bill Hawkins made a few resolutions before he went to bed. He'd be d——d if he'd salute all the time.

The next day he passed an officer; he knew he had been told to salute officers. The officer did not seem to be looking at him. Bill's thought was, "Can I get away with it?" He failed to salute and quickened his pace.

"Come back here," the officer called. Bill, feeling he was going to be hung or something, nervously awaited developments.

"I want you to realize," said the officer, taking in at a glance that Bill was a recruit, "that you have been the cause of my disobeying Army Regulations. I owe you a salute and I cannot give it to you. By the Regulations I am compelled to salute every enlisted man. The prescribed form is that the enlisted man shall salute first. I cannot salute until you have done so. Salute!" . . . And Bill did.

Sensing that the strangeness of the men to military courtesies would make discontent unless it was explained to them, the Captain called a meeting. He told them the story of the salute. "In olden days," he said, "a knight invariably kept on his helmet. Only when he was among friends would he remove it. That meant he was not afraid of getting his head split open with a battle axe. From that, the raising of his hand to take off his helmet has come down to us—the bow of civilian life. The salute is the soldier's way of making a bow. Officers are forbidden to take off their hats to women; they salute instead. That is the Army's way of doing it. So you see there is nothing subservient, nothing degrading in the salute; it is merely common politeness. If you weren't polite in civilian life you will be polite here, and you will be so much the better men for it. And don't forget one thing. In the old days, only free men in an army were allowed to raise their hands; the slaves were not. A prisoner in the United States Army is forbidden to salute."

That made it easier for Bill Hawkins and his comrades. The salute was not an invasion upon their rights as free-born

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American citizens. One could go on and tell of other things that Bill caught on to quickly. He began to like the life. The comradeship began to be pleasant. There was a relief from financial responsibility. He was fed, he was clothed, he was housed, the services of a Doctor were at any time free. He got $30 a month and a promise of more if he was made a non-commissioned officer. He made up his mind to be a Sergeant. He paid attention to everything, asked questions and, when he got a chance he studied in the military text book that had been issued to him.

As the days wore on, as he began to get an idea that there was something to the army far more interesting than mere mechanical drill, he began to slash the air with signal flags; to send and read messages at Army speed. He began to get an idea of the Field Guns, of the enormous power they were capable of developing and of the uncanny scientific accuracy with which their shells can be dropped miles away. He began to love the guns. That day he became an Artilleryman. . . .

In the barracks as I write, I can hear them singing a refrain; it begins, "God help Kaiser Bill."

It has been my rare fortune to be able to hear the opinion of the highest officers of our Division on the new men of the National Army and of the Captains and Lieutenants who are commanding them—the men from the Officers' Training Camps of last summer. The men whom I heard speak are West Point graduates, picked men of the Army, one a General, the other a wizard of our General Staff, veterans of war in Cuba, the Philippines, Mexico, men whose business it has been to know precisely what has gone on in Europe since History repeated itself and Germanic Tribes swept down from the North.

They were of the opinion that the officers from the Reserve Corps were highly efficient and that, the calibre of the men called into the ranks of the National Army being above the average of the regular Army recruit, this new army would be the best our Country ever had.

What I have done with my 190 odd rookies other Com-

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manders have done. We sensed the calibre of these men; we saw that their spirit was right, that they were ready to play the game. They didn't like war. We Americans don't like war, we like peace. But so long as war has been forced upon us, so long as the Hohenzollerns have endangered our liberty as a nation, why the men of the draft were ready.

It was put up to them; one night after they came to me—they could work out their own salvation and be happy in the job, or they could have it forced upon them and be unhappy. I repeat, they were not conscripts; they did not come here as conscripts. They came with their heads high and ready to look you straight in the eye, so of course they worked out their own salvation. Their spirit is stirring. The little things count. Against my desire I was compelled to make my first quota of men do the work of furniture movers, scrub women and scullions for two solid afternoons. The barracks had to be cleaned and put in shape for a new quota of the draft. But not a man grumbled. When they had worked for three hours steady, some of them came up to me and asked if there wasn't something else they could do. Ask the woman how much the average man likes to do housework. These rookies took it as being "all in the game."

Will they make good soldiers? Wait a few months; wait until the horses come and the guns and caissons go rolling down the road. A healthy life, the last yearnings for civilian habits worn away, regular hours, finely trained bodies—on horseback, that exhilarating sensation, with eyes unconsciously sweeping the horizon! The Battery guidon, a red and white pennon snapping in the wind! Will they have pride in it? Does Young America have pride in its college flag? Intensify that and you will get an idea of the way this army will feel by winter!

Is it in the American to fight? Have they the stuff that makes a first class fighting man? Can a country of civilians turn out an army to cope with the Kaiser's War Machine that was forty years building? Yes. We commanders know. We are here working with these men; we know the stuff and we know the spirit.

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WAR-HOGS

[HOW THEY OPERATE TO PLUNDER THE AVERAGE FAMILY]

By JOHN BRUCE MITCHELL

THE well-known and interesting truffle-hog, that can detect a truffle three feet under ground by means of his nose and proceed to root it out, has no olfactory powers worth mentioning when compared with our new genus *sus,* the war-hog!

America's war-hog can "smell-out" an opportunity for unjust profit a thousand miles distant, sneak up on the helpless Ultimate Consumer and root it out of his pocket without so much as a tinge of remorse filtering through his thick and ugly porcine hide.

There are various sorts of war-hogs. Uncle Sam has attempted to proclaim an "open season" on some of the larger sort. Federal hunters may now go forth and shoot a thousand-dollar fine or a year's imprisonment or both into the wholesalers and the retailers doing a business of $100,000 a year. But it is still a "closed season" for the others. No matter what damage this detestable human hog may do to our pockets, to our very lives, we have no legal ammunition for bagging the smaller war-hogs.

It was a newspaper man in Buffalo who wasn't fooled by a camouflage of flour sprinkled over sacks that filled a warehouse. He wouldn't even believe the labels on these bags, which read plainly enough "Flour." He secretly investigated, jabbed a knife blade into some of the bags and brought forth—sugar! The newspaper man—more power to his tribe—promptly reported to the Federal authorities and it was discovered that while the cry was going forth through the city that it was impossible to get sugar from the refiners, and prices leaped skyward over night; one concern was holding back something like five tons of it, disguised as flour.

That was one sort of war-hog—the big fellow.

Not long ago I went into a store on Amsterdam avenue

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in New York with a friend who was trying to secure three pounds of sugar. A woman came in with two very small children by her side and a babe in her arms.

"Can I buy some sugar?" she asked.

"Are you a regular customer here?" the shopkeeper demanded. She admitted that she was not, that she lived many blocks distant, that she had been unable to get any sugar in her vicinity.

"Yes, I have some, but I cannot let you have any," the shopkeeper told her.

"Only a pound," she begged, "just enough to sweeten baby's milk."

"Not an ounce!" and he turned his back on her. She started out weeping.

This was another sort of war-hog—the little fellow. He is just as detestable as the big fellow. He is being as hoggish as he possibly can. The fact that he was roughly backed up against his shelves and profanely talked to and forced to give the weeping mother three pounds of sugar does not mitigate his action.

It is difficult to describe a war-hog in language that will not violate our postal laws. Probably the kindliest description of him is this: He is an imitation civilized human being who hoards for higher prices, or greatly overcharges for necessities in life while our Government is seeking to level prices, to cope with a monstrous war situation.

The United States has the biggest job on its hands that ever fell to the lot of any nation or people in the world's history. To mobilize and train an army of a million men, most of whom never shot a gun; to fight across a three-thousand mile ocean infested with mines and submarines, a world power of soulless brutes who have been preparing for forty years, and at the same time to feed, clothe and arm three other big world powers and several smaller nations, is part of our task. Naturally our Government cannot devote all its energy and time and men to backing the food-hogs into their pens and incarcerating them as "alien enemies" as should be done.

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But Uncle Sam is mad, and getting madder. He has already started in after these war-hogs. Perhaps he will corner them all. Perhaps what he has already done will help the Ultimate Consumer. It hasn't helped very much yet. It hasn't eliminated the war-hogs yet.

The little war-hog isn't frightened a bit. Here's an incident that offers a fair example of his tribe:

"The sugar is 18 cents a pound," declared a small dealer.

"But the paper only this morning said that the price is 10 or 11 cents—not more than 11," protested the customer.

"The price of my sugar is 18 cents; take it or leave it," grunted Mr. Hog.

The man bought it. "Will you give me a receipt?" he asked.

"Sure," sneered Mr. Big Little Hog, and he did, and as the man started out with his sugar he shouted:

"Go on ahead and report me, Mister; they can't do anything to me!"

And they couldn't. Little War-Hog still sits back on his haunches and grunts his joy at rooting the very last penny out of the pockets of those who can least afford to part with pennies. Our Government hasn't reached down to them yet. Those who have been reached by Food Administrator Hoover's machine are these:

All manufacturers of food supplies,
All jobbers,
All wholesale dealers,
All commission men,
All retailers doing $100,000 business a year or more:

All the above were, on November 1st, put under Government supervision by means of a licensing system. This "supervision" is backed by real power—power to put any offenders, any extortioner, out of business.

Under this new ruling sixty-five foods are to be sold under license. Among these there are:

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Wheat flour	Milk
Oatmeal	Butter
Rolled Oats	Cheese
Cornmeal	Condensed milk
Hominy	Evaporated milk
Corn flour	Beef, canned or cured
Rice	Pork, fresh or cured
Dried beans	Mutton, fresh or cured
Dried peas	Poultry
Canned peas, beans, tomatoes, corn, salmon and sardines	Eggs
	Fish, fresh or frozen
Dried prunes, apples, peaches and raisins	Fresh fruits
	Fresh vegetables
Oleomargarine	Sugar
Lard substitutes	Syrups
Cooking fats	

This is sufficient variety for anyone. Since fresh beef will keep even longer than fresh pork, some may wonder why it wasn't on the list. Nevertheless, these licensed foods are sufficient. Their food value is unquestionable, the variety offers enough of fresh foods to insure health.

Some have called the war-hog a gambler in all necessities. He isn't a gambler. A real gambler takes a chance. That's the ethics of gambling. Only a piker and a tin horn sport and a cad and a hog—the hoggiest kind of a profiteering beast—would charge top prices for the very necessities of life. There should be some plan whereby he might be tagged.

Uncle Sam is fearfully busy, it is true, but just a permission to hang on each war-hog a sign: "I'm a War-Hog—Kick me!" might help a whole lot. There should be a means for spotting them. The people who are forced to pay their hard-earned cash into the capacious, bulging pockets of these hogs should be encouraged to do their best to make life miserable for them. Refuse to trade with them. There are always some retailers possessed of souls and patriotism and germs of fair play. Go to them, if you have to pay a dime for carfare or walk five miles. Tell your neighbors who the hogs are and those who are trying to deal square with the people. Ostracize them from trade.

These hogs who are extorting double value for food, clothes, shoes, fuel and all other necessities, know quite well

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that they are safe for the present. Naturally it would be wrong to smash their stores or ride them on a rail or anything of that sort, but it is barely possible that someone may think of this plan before the winter is over.

These men knew that we would need coal this winter, and flour and milk and meat and shoes and clothes. It was nothing to them that the country that gave them the best opportunity the world offers for wealth, happiness and freedom was seeking to help other sufferers. It was to them an opportunity to make a lot of dollars—dollars reeking with the blood of extortion. Invalids might die in chilly homes, babies might perish through lack of milk, students might suffer for lack of nourishment, workmen's families might starve through their inability to earn enough to meet their unjust prices—what was that to the war-hogs? Apparently nothing at all, since prices are yet soaring.

Catch a rat, put a bell on him and turn him loose and he will frighten all the others from the house. Perhaps if a few war-hogs were caught and the word "TRAITOR" branded on their foreheads, they might scare away the other war-hogs.

But it isn't fair to declare that Uncle Sam has left uncompleted a necessary job and quit. Forces are now at work in Washington. Many of these hogs are being secretly branded, and there is hope that the next step will help to set matters right, or to at least protect the people from extortion.

"The next big step by the Hoover machine," according to a published statement, "in its wartime regulation of the country's food business will be directed straight to the pantry and dining-room tables of the American people, for the purpose of reducing for the householders the cost of supplying these pantries and tables."

It reads most encouraging. It is a fair sample of what was printed throughout the country, and it has reference to the Government's licensing of sixty-five food articles and controlling the producers and wholesalers. But we have found that the step wasn't wide enough. In fact, one step

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failed to make the distance. Another step is needed—to the retailers. Otherwise this first step will have no more effect upon the pantries and tables of the American people than our income tax has on the Hottentots!

These days our billboards and fences and walls and shop windows are full of patriotic signs, such as these:

"SAVE FATS AND HELP WIN THE WAR."
"EAT LESS AND BE PATRIOTIC."
"CONSERVE YOUR FOOD FOR UNCLE SAM."
"SAVE! SAVE! SAVE!"

There are many such signs. They are good signs. It is true that conservation of food will help. It is true that it is almost a crime to waste fats. The command to save is always good. But in these days when golden cubes of butter cost almost as much as ingots of solid gold, when bacon is soaring up around 50 cents the pound, it isn't possible to save much fat because it isn't possible for the great majority to buy much of it. The poor are already eating less, and paying more. I saw one of those pretty little red, white and blue "SAVE! SAVE! SAVE!" signs in a provision store. The man was charging 36 cents a pound for roast beef. The same cuts that same day were selling at many stalls in the Washington Market in New York at 28 cents. This shopkeeper's store was in the Washington Heights district. He should have taken down that sign. No one could save, at his prices. In its place he should have put up: "SPEND! SPEND! SPEND!"

In many countries abroad, not only in war times, but in peace times, they have a pleasing custom of confiscating the shop of any man who has been caught overcharging on three occasions. If that were possible here, how long, do you think, this man, when he learned of such a law, would keep the "36 cents per lb." sign on his 28 cent beef?

The law looks mighty good—as far as it goes.

The producer must behave or Uncle Sam may take away his factory, plant, mine, packing house or whatever it is that he operates for the production of necessities. Section 12,

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under the law which creates the Food Administrator's power, explains this in full:

*"That whenever the President shall find it necessary to secure an adequate supply of necessaries for the support of the Army or the maintenance of the Navy, OR FOR ANY OTHER PUBLIC USE CONNECTED WITH THE COMMON DEFENSE, he is authorized to requisition and take over for use or operation by the Government any factory, packing house, oil pipe line, mine, or any other plant, or any part thereof, in or through which any necessaries are or may be manufactured, produced, prepared or mined and to operate the same. * * * The President is authorized to prescribe such regulations as he may deem essential for carrying out the purposes of this section, including the operation of any such factory, mine or plant or part thereof, the purchase, sale or other disposition of articles manufactured, produced, prepared or mined therein, and the employment, control and compensation of employees."*

But here is something that looks much better, if a lay reader can understand legal English. It is Section 4 of the same law:

"It is hereby made unlawful for any person to limit the facilities for transporting, producing, harvesting, manufacturing, supplying, storing or dealing in any necessaries; to restrict the supplies of any necessaries; to restrict the distribution of any necessaries; to prevent, limit or lessen the manufacture or production of any necessaries in order to enhance the price thereof, or to exact excessive prices for any necessaries."

Much of this section refers to the producer and jobber and wholesaler, but not all. The part I have quoted above is a single sentence. If you will read the first eight words of it and join them to the last seven words, the law reads:

"It is hereby made unlawful for any person to exact excessive prices for any necessaries!"

Now, if the war-hog can be considered human enough to be included in the category of "any person," this law, it seems, surely hits him.

Is there any reason why retail as well as wholesale prices cannot be regulated? Would it not be possible for Federal agents to make purchases and locate a group of these profiteering retail war-hogs in various cities, fine and imprison them, put a Government appointee in to run their stores for a

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year and turn over merely fair profits to the war-hogs' families?

Of course, it sounds too good to be true. But the Federal Prison at Atlanta contains hundreds of men whose offence is by no means as great as that of our profiteering war-hogs.

In October the National Retail Grocers' Association held a conference in Washington and heartily approved of the Administration's move in regard to governing the *producers* and *wholesalers*. They agreed to co-operate with the Government and they recommended that all retailers co-operate with the Administration. The Association pledges itself to do its part, but it can only "recommend" and "urge" that the retailers abstain from becoming war-hogs. They did pledge not to charge a profit over the delivered cost of goods to them above that of a "reasonable living profit." Unfortunately, with many there's neither "reason" nor "conscience" in money, and the profiteering continues.

Food prices have jumped. There's no denying it. It is difficult to quote prices because they vary a few cents here and there, depending somewhat upon locality, but mostly upon the proportion of "hog" that is in the retailer. When the war broke out bacon was 25 cents, now it is around 50 cents. Butter was 30, now it is 55 and 60. Sliced ham was 30, now it is 60 and in some places 80. Sugar was 15 cents for 3½ pounds. To-day the Government hopes retailers will sell 3½ pounds for 33 cents, but from 45 to 63 cents is being charged in many places.

And so the list goes. The biggest increase came during the Summer just as soon as it was learned the Government was going to be the biggest customer of all in order to feed the boys who have gone across to help make this country a safe place for pursuing the calling of a merchant.

"Potatoes wouldn't be so high, Ma'am," said one dealer, "if it wasn't for the car shortage. It's almost impossible to get freight cars."

The woman sighed and bought and went out, and the shopkeeper never cracked a smile.

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"Those particular potatoes came over from Long Island in a motor truck," I told him.

"What of it?" he asked.

I couldn't answer it. There's only one to answer that—Uncle Sam.

In New York the shopkeeper will let you have brown eggs at from 5 to 8 cents less than the white ones. And he will say, "The white eggs are so much better, you know."

In Boston the shopkeeper will let you have the white eggs at from 5 to 8 cents less than the brown ones. And he will say, "The brown eggs are so much better, you know."

And the New Yorker will say that he knows the white eggs are best, and the Bostonian will say that he knows the brown eggs are best, and neither of them knows anything about it. They are losing money through their ignorance. There isn't one iota of difference, either as to flavor or nutriment, between the white and brown eggs. It is only a fad and a delusion and the shopkeeper grins and pockets the money, while egg men pick out brown eggs to send up in New England and white ones for the Middle Atlantic states.

Around the first of November eggs that sold at retail for 55 cents cost at wholesale 30. Poultry wholesaled at 16 and sold at 36. The market man could have sold that poultry at 20 cents and made a good profit, counting in overhead expense and all else. About every five fowls he sold would then net him a dollar. But he was a war-hog, and he grabbed 20 cents profit on each fowl, or a dollar out of the poor man's pocket in excess of what the poor man should be called upon to pay for every five-pound fowl. About the same time whole steers were bringing around 18 cents a pound. There is considerable waste. But about the cheapest cut of meat at the retailer's was 26 cents the pound and from that up to 35. It isn't as much waste as you think. Every bit of fat your market man trims off—*after he weighs it*—he tosses in a special box or barrel and gets a high price for it, and it has already been paid for at the rate of from 26 to 35 cents a pound! The bones he weighs and charges you for, then trims out, he sells. Practically everything that seems to be

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waste—and that is paid for—he sells, so that striking an average of 30½ cents per pound for meat that he buys for 18 or 19 cents a pound, it is too much profit. Add to this his sales from the waste you pay for, and and he is cleaning up—stealing is a good word—about 5 cents a pound from you.

In a very recent number of the *Official Bulletin,* published daily at Washington "under order of the President by the Committee on Public Information," we learn this of the retail war-hog:

"The price of beef at the packer's door is 14½ cents per pound, as compared with 16 cents in the month of July, while the average retail price of round steak in 796 cities is 31 cents per pound, against 27 cents per pound in July, thus showing that retail prices have increased while wholesale prices have decreased."

These are facts gathered by Federal agents.

But they are not all hogs. There is a big chain of stores out through New Jersey that are of the highest class. They cater to the best and wealthiest trade. Now they have cut out their delivery and their charge accounts and their prices are away down. A big per cent. of their trade was from people who owned cars. These people can take home their own goods in their cars or send their servants for it. The point is that these stores to-day are selling the very highest grade of goods at prices quite as low as those in some of the very cheap class of stores, chain and independent.

Some of these cheaper class of immense chain stores always claimed that they sold cheaper because they had no delivery. But to-day they are charging as much for their cheaper grade of goods as the higher class stores charge for the very top grade of everything.

Not long ago certain big sugar refiners advertised widely that they had made no advance in sugar to the retailers and that the retailers should not advance their prices. Through a friend I got a 25-pound bag of sugar at a wholesale house at 8¼ cents. At the same time another member of the household managed to get a 25-pound bag at a chain store at 11 cents. The next day the little stores boosted the price up around 15 cents. I asked my wholesale friend what

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he was charging then. He quoted the same price, 8¼ cents.

"Why has sugar gone up?" I asked one storekeeper.

"Wholesalers are soaking us, Mister," he whined.

"Nothing of the sort. You are not paying more than 8¼ to-day, and you know it, and I know it," I insisted.

"Yes," he grinned, "perhaps *you* know it, but not many people know it. We got to tell them something."

A sugar war-hog. The woods are full of them these days. It's a good time to use corn syrups, sorghum and other forms of sweetening for a while.

Fish is economical. There are a few hogs in the business, but not many. In several ports some dealers had the nerve to boost prices a little and gave as the reason "unprecedented shortage of freight cars!" First, fresh fish are not sent by freight, it is too slow. They go by express generally. But at the ports they arrive in the fishing schooners direct!

There was the potato famine. The prices to-day are far and above what they should be, yet, according to the Assistant Secretary of Agriculture, Mr. Vrooman, our farmers have this year produced one hundred million bushels more potatoes than last year.

Onions, a necessary and wholesome food, are now in the semi-precious gem class. And yet we planted thirteen thousand more acres to onions this year than last, and we harvested this year 5,321,450 more bushels than in 1916.

At the same time they are shipping onions to us from Spain! This is because they can get better prices from us than their poor people can pay; they can sell as cheap, if not cheaper, than the local growers, and our merchants naturally like to get a shade off in price because it makes their war-hog profits as much larger.

Flour is selling now at from $10 to $10.70 from the millers. Consumers are paying about $16.50 by the barrel and about $18 a barrel when they buy by the small quantity. Six dollars is too much of a rake-off. But the war-hog says, "They cannot do anything to me!"

Corn meal at retail is higher than ever before. Twelve states alone this year contributed five hundred million extra

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bushels of corn! Altogether the increase is between seven and eight hundred million bushels!

Milk—the very life of our babies—our coming generations, has gone skyward again. The dairyman—the producing dairyman, not the Milk Trust man with the big fancy establishment that takes in the milk gathered from the farms—has been getting the worst of it for a long while. The following figures are from the testimony of Mr. George W. Bush, chief organizer for the Dairyman's League, before the Mayor's Committee in New York City:

Month.	Wholesale.	Retail.
September, 1916	3.4	9
October, 1916	4.46	10
December, 1916	4.67	11
July, 1917	4.46	11½
August, 1917	5.42	12½
October, 1917	6.59	14

Away back in 1909 one milk distributing company increased the price of milk. An investigation showed that this company was making, before the increase, 120 per cent. profit!

These people have taken advantage of the deep snow on the Italian Alps and the hot sands around Bagdad and the snow in Siberia and other things of a similar nature to boost again the price of milk. They are among the worst of the war-hogs and should have short shrift.

Hotel, café and restaurant proprietors are wallowing in the profit trough along with the other war-hogs. Perhaps not all, but such a large majority that the minority seems invisible and exceedingly difficult to find. I know a number of restaurants of good class that cater to business men at noon. Last Spring when roast beef was 26 cents a pound, the charge for roast beef and potatoes was 35 cents. Roast beef is to-day 28 cents a pound, but every one of these restaurants charges 55, 60 and 70 for roast beef and a little dab of mashed potato!

As soon as the word went forth that there was a sugar shortage two big New York hotels printed this on their menus:

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"Sugar (two lumps), 5 cents.
Powdered sugar, 10 cents a portion."

Sweet hogging! This brought in about $1 a pound for lump sugar, and it is difficult to estimate the powdered, a portion being about a tablespoonful, probably $2 profit.

When you get an order of *filet mignon,* you get no more than half a pound. That costs the hotel man, the way he buys, say, 12 cents. An order of *filet mignon* includes potatoes only. Vegetables, bread and butter and coffee are extra. Last Spring he charged 75 cents. But he got in with the war-hogs this Fall and boosted the price to $1.25.

This is a fair example of the hotel, restaurant and café war-hog's methods.

Other things have shot up in about the same proportion. Leather goods have gone skyward. Yet we are killing more beeves than ever. But there are thousands of officers who have offered their lives for their country and they must have leather leggins and belts and holsters—so up goes the price. Shoes, too, are in the list. This hits the poor. Of course, if people must dance and can afford to pay $17 for a pair of satin dancing slippers, made of about 10 cents' worth of leather and a cent's worth of wood for the heels and 40 cents' worth of satin, that is their business. If the war-hogs would limit themselves to diamond tiaras and imported caviar and wines and modish gowns and hats and walking sticks and 44-button gloves and such things, it wouldn't hurt Uncle Sam at all nor his people.

Dr. Henry Moskowitz, New York City Commissioner of Markets, is quoted as saying:

"The public must realize that economy is a duty."

Food Administrator Hoover is quoted as saying:

"Now, there is a good deal of fear over the country as to the character of the food administration. This is unnecessary alarm."

The coal people got in considerable hogging, but Uncle Sam got after them fairly well. Not soon enough or hard enough to prevent hundreds of thousands of people from ex-

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periencing the coldest homes of their lives, but soon enough to prevent freezing.

Authorities at Washington have expressed the hope that public sentiment will prevent the retailers from becoming war-hogs. These war-hogs are thick skinned. Nothing gets to their heart except the almighty dollar. In the back of their heads they have the famous saying attributed to Commodore Vanderbilt, the elder: "The public be damned!"

The war-hogs continue to rob right and left, and they are robbing those who can least afford it. As they rob they grin and sing merrily:

"They can't do anything to us!"

It cannot be denied. The Government may do something before long to relieve the situation, but at present the Government is doing everything possible except preventing a great army of war-hogs from robbing the poor.

If honest prices had been charged, how many more Liberty Bonds would the middle-class people have owned today?

These war-hogs do not fear the Germans. "They can't do anything to us," they say.

The enemy can, and doubtless will, do much to our brave men "over there" who are protecting these war-hogs while these same war-hogs are robbing the families of the soldiers and laughing gleefully as they all join in the chorus:

"Uncle Sam can't do anything to us."

Uncle Sam can, in mighty quick time. Watch him!

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COLONEL HOUSE—THE MAN OF MYSTERY

By EDWIN WILDMAN

THERE are "men of mystery" in the public eye whom we know only through their prominence as personages. There are names known to the newspaper reader whose lives are screened behind the barrage they create. There are men who successfully cover themselves by camouflage and there are men so sensitive and timid that they hide their lives and works under a bushel. Do you know much of the personality, the comings and goings, the home life and intimate interests of J. Pierpont Morgan? Have you any knowledge of the tastes, hobbies, eccentricities, intimacies of William Nelson Cromwell, the man who accomplished the transfer of the Panama Canal, the attorney for the Steel Trust—the man who has represented them and the Morgans in France these two years? Do you remember "Silent" Smith, the man who left some $60,000,000; how he got it and what he accomplished in his active life? Are you acquainted with Major-General Goethals, the builder of the Panama Canal? Do you remember "Silent" Wendel, who owned New York real estate next to the Astors, in volume? How much do you actually know of the real Charles F. Murphy—boss of Tammany Hall? What does the public know of James Gordon Bennett, owner of one of our greatest newspapers? What of Colonel Cornelius Vanderbilt, one of our richest and most patriotic citizens? Their names are legion—these men of mystery.

And one, perhaps most frequently of the unknown knowns on everybody's lips, is the intimate friend of the President, Col. E. M. House of Austin, Texas, New York and Washington, D. C. Colonel House is a name known the world over, but only a small group of intimates know the man—the man who has just been selected by the President to gather data preparatory to the conference that must come when the world shall lay down arms and take up the discus-

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sion of permanent peace—a position of vast potential influence and international power—a position so great that one is appalled at the responsibilities that may fall upon the shoulders of the man who will have the data in his hands to determine responsibility, a segment of which is reflected in the data just issued showing Belgium's property damage at $1,500,000,000—a sum that will have to be met by the destroyers.

Peace is not in sight, but Colonel House is the first man officially designated to prepare the way. He may even be a precursor of that happy day. May we with propriety lift the veil and glance at his personality? It concerns us immensely, vitally and hopefully. To begin with, he is a noiseless millionaire, a rare avis in these days of publicity-seeking, quick-rich egotists. That is a hopeful sign. He has achieved far-reaching political results, noiselessly, for his achievements are in closet, the achievements of alert judgment and calm thought.

There has frequently, in the history of our government, been a man, or mind, behind the "throne." There was Hanna in the days of McKinley, when you had to "see Hanna." There was Wood, when Roosevelt ruled. Wood was his most intimate "chum." You didn't "have to see" Wood, but a word from him was a prized token that reached Roosevelt's ear direct. There was Hay, when Harrison was in power—afterward Consul-General at London, the most valued prize, financially, in the executive gift box. And there was Hornblower in the Cleveland days.

WHAT HOUSE MEANS TO THE PRESIDENT

In the case of Colonel House there is a distinction and a difference quite dissimilar from the relation of his predecessors in potentiality. House is a mental equilibrium, a gyroscope, a stabilizer, a confidant, a sounding board, and an ambassador, ex jure, of the Presidential mental slant. He knows what the President's thought emanations are and how to feed them upon what they seek. He is the fellow to whom a President can say, "What do you think about this or that?

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What do you advise? What is your judgment? No one has to "see" Colonel House. No one can "see" him because upon approach he would dive into a hole and pull the hole in after him, if possible. He detests and fears publicity—and he is a man who has no need whatsoever to fear it.

"Colonel House," the President has been quoted as saying, "is one of those rare men who can hold a subject off while discussing it so that you can get a proper perspective. His mind is so clear that he grasps any subject and enables you to see it as it is, without any reflected light or at any distorting angle."

It has never been made clear just how President Wilson became acquainted with Colonel House. It is known that back in 1912 when Mr. Wilson was Governor of New Jersey some letters passed between him and the mysterious Texan. Whether the Colonel or the then Governor wrote the first letter is not recorded. But this fact stands out above all else:

WAS HARDLY KNOWN OUTSIDE OF TEXAS

In 1912 Col. E. M. House of Austin, Texas, was scarcely known outside the Lone Star State. By February, 1913, the name of Colonel House had appeared in practically every newspaper in the country!

"Who is he?" was asked.

"A man from Texas," was the answer.

"Yes, but what has he done?"

"Nothing, except dabble in state politics."

"Ah, a politician. What offices has he held? What office does he hold?"

"He holds no political office, he never has held political office, he says he will never accept any political office—and what he says goes!"

"Well, then," comes the puzzled plaint, "how did he get into print?"

And the only reply was then as it is now, "He is the closest friend of Woodrow Wilson. We believe he is a political adviser of the President. The President admires him probably more than any other man. Doubtless Colonel

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House's suggestions in regard to the cabinet and to scores of other things we know not of, nor will ever know, have been followed."

Now comes the politician's leading question:

"But what does he get out out it?"

It's a natural question—from the standpoint of politics. And the reply is one that few veteran politicians can understand:

"He gets nothing out of it except the satisfaction of honestly believing that he is serving his country and his party. He is a believer in measures but not of individuals."

Then the army of keen newspaper men got after him. He wouldn't talk beyond the simple statement that he was a private citizen of Austin, Texas, that he was not in politics and that he merely had the honor of being regarded by Mr. Wilson as a friend.

At the convention that nominated Mr. Wilson for the presidency in 1912 Colonel House was first heard of outside of Texas politics. This was in the summer. Within six months, such items as these appeared in the newspapers throughout the country:

"*Colonel House entertained President Wilson at his home, East Thirty-fifth street.*"—N. Y. Evening Post.

"*Colonel House to Have Say in Selecting Cabinet.*"—N. Y. Herald.

"*Col. E. M. House of New York-Texas has come to be regarded as the closest friend of the President.*"—N. Y. World.

"*Colonel House is so intimate with both the President-elect and Mr. Bryan that it is not necessary for either of them to give him directions. He knows the desires of both.*"—N. Y. American.

"*Mr. Wilson said that Colonel House was 'one of the best-poised men I ever met. He can hold a thing at arm's length and discuss it without ever getting mixed up in it.'*"—N. Y. Times.

"*Trenton, February 19th.—President-elect Wilson refrained from making any statement for publication today*

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respecting his long conference with Col. E. M. House in New York last night, but he was enthusiastic in his tribute to the judgment and political acumen of his friend."—N. Y. Sun.

HIS UNOBTRUSIVE PERSONALITY

"What manner of man is he?" is frequently asked. He looks like the plain (but solid) citizen that he is. There is nothing about his appearance to make one turn and look at him. He might be one of our great army of well-to-do citizens, he looks more like a man in business than a member of any profession. Neither his clothes, his manners nor his habits stamp him as a man worth millions. Many pictures of him have been printed, but he looks so much like thousands and thousands of other business men that his likeness does not stick to the memory.

Colonel House was fifty-nine years old on the 26th of last July. He is the son of T. W. House, a successful Texas banker. The Colonel was born in Houston, but made his home in Austin. His father sent him to the Hopkins Grammar School in New Haven and then to Cornell, where he was graduated in 1881. He married Miss Loulie Hunter of Austin the same year and has two daughters, both now married.

He inherited some money but made the larger part of his fortune in agriculture, investments and similar ways. He became a director in some banks and railroads, but only in corporations where he could take an active part. He never believed in being a director unless one can actually help direct. The late Henry B. Hyde got him a directorship in the Equitable Trust Company, but when he found that he could not attend all the meetings and take an active part, he promptly gave it up.

Aside from his banking and railroad interests he made much money with his many farms and ranches. He owns many of these and they all pay him well. No one knows the extent of his wealth. It isn't great as so many multi-millionaires are ranked, but all sorts of guesses from one to twenty millions have been made. The favorite "guess" and

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the one probably approaching the nearest to correctness, is $2,000,000.

He has said that he has enough money. He doesn't care to make any more. He has explained that he has more than he can use, enough for his children, and that he sees no reason to struggle for more. He has a business office in Austin, one small room, with an old-fashioned flat-top desk that has seen better days, a few filing cases, some chairs, a small, old-fashioned safe, and upon the glass door, this lettering: "Mr. Edward M. House."

"Real pleasure," the Colonel was once heard to say—and he had no idea he would be quoted—"consists of sitting by your own fireside with a few congenial friends about." And whether he is in Texas, Massachusetts, or New York, he is to be found at his own fireside whenever possible, with congenial friends about. Of late years his New York City residence has seen very considerable of President Wilson.

"Who's Who" has him, as it has many big men, willy-nilly, but it hasn't much about him because few know much about him, and he isn't offering—or even divulging—any personal information. The few lines in "Who's Who" are typical of the man:

"——Active in Dem. politics, in Tex.; has directed the campaigns of many successful Dem. nominees for gov. since 1892; never a candidate for office."

Even in his native state they don't know much about the man—but they know what he can do. Whenever there's a gubernatorial campaign the question comes up: "Is House in this?" And if it is found that he is, they know that he is very much "in this" and that his man will in all probability win. Texas newspaper men got tired, years ago, of trying to "make copy" out of Colonel House. But of course outside newspaper men knew nothing of the reticence that seemed to amount to bashfulness on the part of this Texan, and when he went in and worked so successfully for Mr. Wilson's nomination in 1912 the newspaper men flocked to him. It was then that he made, for him, a record-breaking statement.

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NEWSPAPER MEN HAVE GIVEN HIM UP

"We want a Sunday feature story about you. We want to quote you for a column or so in this story," he was told. The Colonel almost shouted his reply, he was so aghast at the idea. He started with his old favorite:

"Please do not. I am only just a plain Texan who wants to see Woodrow Wilson elected. Please don't."

Then, in explanation of this, he made his record-breaking statement:

"To a man such as I am publicity is not only annoying, but injurious. I am not seeking anything for myself and I am not seeking anything for anybody else; I am simply trying to do the best I can for the measures I favor. I am for measures, not men. To say that I have been able to accomplish anything would only be to draw upon me attention which would be most distasteful. I am not working for any influence that might be obtained or favors that might be granted; I am just a plain citizen and determined to remain one."

There is no denying that Colonel House is a man of mystery. Any man who can "sit in high places" as he has done, yet who never holds office, never wants office, never will accept office or favors, who favors measures rather than men, who journeys around the world for the President of the greatest Republic and Power on earth; whose judgment is regarded as the best it is possible to secure by the President of our country, and yet who stays timidly in the background because he prefers to do so when his life is an open book and he need not—any man who can do all these things is most assuredly a man of mystery.

The mystery of this man took origin down in Texas. He went into politics in his state about 1892, but he didn't make a splash or a ripple in going in. He didn't go in for fun, or to get anything for himself. He wanted Hogg elected, so began quietly to work for him. Hogg was nominated and elected, and since then about all of the Texas governors have had Colonel House back of them.

For a brief moment Colonel House almost held an office.

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Someone made him Chairman of the Executive Committee that put Governor Lanham in office.

"I can't for the life of me see why I took this; I'll resign," said the Colonel, and he did.

About the first we heard of Colonel House outside of Texas was when word went around that the Texas delegation to the National Democratic Convention was being quietly arranged for Wilson instead of Harmon.

"What about this?" was the wire that was sent to the political powers in Texas.

"See House," was the reply flashed back. Colonel House was stopping at the Gotham Hotel in New York. Someone was sent to see this man House, not because they believed he had any particular weight, because no one here had heard of him, but merely to act on the advice wired from Texas. The New York *Sun* told the story at the time, explaining that the local politician stood near the clerk and by prearranged signal the clerk pinched his arm when the Colonel should appear. The local politician got the pinch, the clerk looked toward the man entering, and the *Sun* writer gave this description:

"A slender, middle-aged man with a gray, close-cropped mustache, well dressed, calm looking, was coming quietly in, with an accent on the 'quiet.' He was not pussyfooting in or slinking in or gliding in, but while he walked firmly he walked quietly. He went up to the desk and asked the man presiding a question in a quiet tone. He did not hiss the question nor did he whisper it; he asked it quietly, and when he got his answer he bowed courteously and walked quietly to the elevator, which, catching the infection, shot quietly out of sight."

One of the best descriptions of this man of mystery appeared in *Harper's* more than five years ago. The name was not given then, but later *Harper's* admitted that the description was of Colonel House:

DESCRIPTION OF THE "MAN OF MYSTERY"

"I heard the other day about one such person, a man of sufficient fortune—a million, I dare say—not a celibate like Thompson, but married and with a few children; a shrewd, experienced, thoughtful man, whose interest in life is and

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always has been politics; to handle the machinery of it and get the best results compatible with the material offered, to pass laws and fill the offices, and the prejudices and mental disabilities of the voters. 'I have known this man,' Brookfield said, 'for eighteen years, and watched him play politics all that time; plan and direct; weigh men and choose between them; use their talents and abilities when they had them; put them in places where they belonged when he could; put in the next-best man when he couldn't. He always played fair; always wanted the best man, the best law and the best principle that he could see, and never wanted anything for himself except the fun of playing the game. You couldn't drive him into office. He never tried to make a penny out of legislation. The less he was seen and heard of the better he liked it, but he recognized politics as the great man's game and he liked to play it.'"

That is just about the sort of a man that Edward Mandell House (the "Colonel" is his by Southern courtesy) has been found to be, and that is about as close a description of him or knowledge of him as the average person will ever get.

He is strictly temperate in all his habits. He gives liberally to charity, but investigates it first. His chief pleasure in charitable work is putting men on their feet after they have had reverses, and in putting deserving young men in the way of achieving success—but he merely puts them in the way of it, they must do the achieving.

By this time everyone knows that Colonel House actually does things in politics, but exactly how or just when, is so well kept under cover that few know. Naturally it was something of a jolt to a great many veteran, dyed-in-the-wool politicians to find that this unknown Texan was suddenly in President Wilson's confidence, that even before the election the President-elect was frequently in consultation with him. To the Democratic leaders it was a rude jolt that the President-elect should take this comparative stranger so thoroughly into his confidence when they—the leaders—were standing around simply awaiting the opportunity to advise and suggest and "help" their leader.

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"Where did this minor league politician come from?" someone asked.

"What do you mean, minor league politician?" demanded a grizzled old Democratic war-horse from Texas.

"Who ever heard of this chap, House?" came the plaintive retort.

"He doesn't want to be heard of, but look out you don't make any breaks. He's a major league politician, and bats a thousand every season," grinned the Texan. And thus far it does look as though the quiet, "plain private citizen from Austin" was a major league politician and makes few if any efforts in playing his game.

PREDICTED WILSON'S ELECTION

Long before anyone "up in this neck of the woods," as they say down in Texas, had the least idea that Governor Wilson of New Jersey was presidential timber, Colonel House down in Austin quietly made the prediction that "that college-professor-governor of New Jersey will be the Democratic nominee for president." That was before Colonel House was acquainted with Mr. Wilson.

"He is a puzzle and a mystery to the masses of his own party, the Democrats, here in his own state," said the Houston *Post,* "how much more of a mystery must he be to the masses outside of his own state!"

It is said that not one hundred politicians in all Texas know Colonel House to speak to him—and not a politician of any sort, size, weight, influence or importance, but knows who he is and what he can do.

Without question he could have been a member of President Wilson's cabinet—Secretary of State or any other portfolio he might have preferred—and without question he wouldn't accept it.

If there's any greater man of mystery than one who would refuse that, then he has not been discovered.

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IS GOD IN THE WAR?

[THE 1917 CHRISTMAS MESSAGE OF THE CHURCH]

NOTE: *The opinions of Ecclesiastical authority herewith published are a fairly representative answer to the question above raised. The fact that the pulpits of our Churches are nearly all draped in the American flag further confirms the opinion of many Ministers that it is a Christian duty to defeat the enemy. The exceptional conditions which the war has created make this Christmas message of the Church unique in the history of the world.*

Destroying the War.

By ISRAEL ZANGWILL

(Famous English Man of Letters)

Once more we celebrate the birth of the Prince of Peace. And never, may it safely be said, in all the nineteen hundred celebrations of the sacred birthday has it been observed under more appropriate conditions—conditions more in harmony with the teachings of the faith on which is founded all that is noblest and most progressive in modern civilization. For we are at last destroying War—the beast from the bottomless pit—with his own weapons; planting the white rose of human brotherhood on the grave of Germany, and writing in gigantic red letters across the planet the gospel of Peace and Goodwill. No wonder that in a holy union of the Churches, unknown since the fell German, Luther, sowed the seed of discord, Catholic pulpit vies with Protestant, and the great crusade for righteousness links the Old Kirk with the Newest Theology, and the Welsh Baptist with the dusky Wesleyan from Fiji. As the Bishop of London so eloquently observes, we are now able to realize, as never before, the sacrifices of the Master, for each soldier in all the allied armies is himself a Christ. Every Briton, Russian, Belgian, Frenchman, Roumanian, Italian, Portuguese, Montenegrin, Serbian, or Greek (of the Venizelist faction)—nay, every Hindoo, Moor, Zouave, Maori, Cingalese, Senagalese, or Jap, whether of the true faith or still nominally in heathen darkness—who is fighting without a thought of self for the freedom of small nations against the Anti-Christ of militarism and oppression, against the brutal Hun, the bestial Bulgarian, and the infidel Turk, deserves a place upon that scroll of honor whereon

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humanity has inscribed its saints and martyrs. The reverential eye of the future will read the name of Joffre side by side with that of Father Damien, and Thomas à Kempis shall stand in sublime juxtaposition with Jellicoe.

And if the war itself is thus a sublime example of the Christian spirit, still more is the brotherhood it teaches exemplified by the new brotherhood of arms that links black with white, yellow with brown. That unchristian arrogance of the European, who so long refused to fight side by side with the Asiatic, has shriveled up in a day; everywhere we are hastening in a passion of fraternity to uplift the status of colored humanity. To this new ardour for the truths of the cross it no longer suffices to comb Christendom, and the Burman is the latest, though not, it is to be hoped the last, to be admitted into this League of Man.

Would, indeed, that Germany, recognizing her inevitable doom, would save us from a slaughter which, though righteous, is not without its drawbacks, financial and otherwise. But while the German Bureaucracy feeds the German people with lies, strangles the press, raids bookshops, court-martials Pacifists and imprisons its few honest subjects, like Clara Zetkin, Liebknecht, and others, there can be little hope of a change of heart.

No, we must fight to the last man and the last shilling—nay, the last scrap of paper in the Treasury—and even if the Tamerlane of Potsdam were to arm every cat and dog, as he threatened, we must make mince-meat of them all. Here, and not in the ambitions of noble-minded Presidents lies the true *Via Pacis* for our bleeding world, and only when we have trodden our *Via Dolorosa* to the bitter end, when we have discharged all the Maxims of Christianity, dare the Archbishop of Canterbury sign a petition for peace.

In the world-peace that will be the reward of this ghastly war, we must fabricate our own munitions. Then shall the song of the Herald Angels be in tune again with the music of the spheres. Throughout Europe all the church-bells that have not been cast into cannons shall ring out their Christmas message and the world will cease at last to fight.

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Onward, Christian Soldiers, to the Golden Age!

By David James Burrell

(Pastor of the Collegiate Church, New York)

The attitude of the Church toward the State was indicated by our Lord in the words, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's, even as ye render unto God the things that are God's."

The maintenance of law and order is a function divinely committed to the State; wherefore it is written, "The powers that be are ordained of God." Anarchy is impiety. It was under the frightful reign of Nero that the Church was enjoined to "honor the king." A bad government is better than no government at all.

The Church is under bonds to support the State in a righteous war, that is a war in the interest of justice and humanity. A Christian when wronged may waive his personal rights; but he is not at liberty to disregard the rights of his fellow men. Selfishness is ruled out; altruism forges to the front. We may and must smite for others, but never for ourselves alone. "Let the mind that was in Christ Jesus be also in you." Only so can the Church justify its attitude in the present war.

When the clouds have rolled away it will be seen that even war is not without its compensations. Out of the eater will come forth meat and out of the strong will come forth sweetness. We shall have a more serious type of manhood and womanhood; a larger patriotism, measured by the brotherhood of man; and our outlook framed in the terms of the great commission, "Go ye, evangelize." The gates are opening. The roads which Caesar builds for his advancing legions will furnish a highway for the Prince of Peace. Then onward, Christian soldiers, to the Golden Age!

It Is Man's Safety and Glory, to Die, if Need Be, for the Truth.

By Charles Lewis Slattery

(Rector of Grace Church, New York)

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The Church is set in the world to serve all people; when the need is greatest it must give the intensest service.

The Church must first sift the hearts of men. Certain large sins thrive on war—the greediness of men who dare to profit by a world's bitter necessity; the disloyalty of men who play into the hands of slavery and contempt, when their brothers are dying for freedom and honour; the cowardice of men who shirk every sacrifice, expecting results for which others will pay. The Church can, if it will, wield enormous power in forming public opinion. Its corporate cry is still the most piercing voice in the earth.

Further, the Church may speak with authority the divine estimate put upon those who proclaim that righteousness, not peace, shall be first and therewith offer their lives for human freedom. The people who make this supreme sacrifice are not warriors only; they are also the loving relatives who, unable to fight, stay at home, to work, pray, and suffer for the one cause. The Church can show the heavenly light which is falling upon the tragedy, so that men will dare to be their best, and forget all else.

Finally, the Church will assure the bereaved that this world is not all. Superb lives, fitted as no others to live, may seem to die on the battlefield. God, the Church knows, opens a door through which these heroes pass, to serve Him again. The battle for the right shall go on, till God shall lead his soldiers to the complete victory of all that is happy and good, over all that is sorrowful and base. It is man's safety and glory to die, if need be, for the truth.

War Concerns the Divine Mystery of Salvation by Suffering.

By Charles A. Eaton

(Pastor of Madison Avenue Baptist Church, New York

The Christian message of the Church in this year of universal war concerns the divine mystery of salvation by suffering.

Jesus Christ became the Saviour of the world by suf-

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fering for the world. Today millions of men are facing death and wounds in order that the soul of the world may be freed from the black curse of tyranny. In this glorious sacrifice they are entering at last into the Spirit of Christ. A wounded Saviour can be understood by a wounded soldier.

The message of the Church to the world is now identical with the message of the world to the Church. *Salvation for men and churches and nations comes by sacrifice.*

By the gift of Himself, Jesus earned the right to become the Saviour of men. By the gift of itself the Church earns the right to become His Body. And by the gift of themselves our fighting men and the nations who support them are earning the right to become workers together with Christ in the full redemption of mankind.

The Church a Spiritual, the Nation a Temporal Kingdom.

By JUNIUS B. REMENSNYDER

(Pastor of St. James Lutheran Church, New York)

When the great war broke out the world complained that the Church exerted so little influence in preventing it. Now, the nations in every warring country are calling upon the Church to uphold them, and to aid in arousing the militant spirit.

One of the great achievements of the Reformation was the separation of the spheres of Church and State. The Master said: "My kingdom is not of this world." While there are reciprocal duties and rights, yet the Church is spiritual, the State temporal. When then, the State, independently of the Church, declares war, the Church must not be tempted to swerve from her spiritual sphere.

Amid the uproar of arms, she must preach the Christmas Gospel of "Peace and Good Will." She must not inflame passion, prejudice and hate, but proclaim justice, love and brotherhood. Those entering her courts must not hear partisan, militant appeals, but must have their souls calmed with faith, their spirits uplifted from the temporal to the

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eternal, and their hearts healed from the bruises of sorrow, and the wounds of strife.

Thus alone will the Church be a true priest of God, and thus alone, when war's shrill voices cease, will the world look to her with increased confidence as a worthy spiritual guide.

Not the Business of the Church to Sustain War.

By John Haynes Holmes

(Minister of Church of the Messiah, New York)

There can be only one Christmas message of the Church; and that is peace. It is not the business of the Church to encourage war, sustain war, or bless war. Under no conditions should the Church reconcile itself to this monstrous abomination. It cannot reconcile itself, even if it would. If Christianity is right, then war is wrong; if war is right, then Christianity is wrong. No specious pleas of defense, honor, humanity, effect this fundamental and necessary antithesis. The Church can recognize but a single ruler—God; give allegiance to but a single kingdom—the kingdom of the spirit; obey but one law—the law of love. It is the perpetual shame of the Church that it did not prevent this war; it is an equal shame that it has not long since ended it.

For the Church of Christ today, in time of war, there is a three-fold duty.

First, the Church must keep alive the spirit of good will, which is the hope of brotherhood. Granted that the Germans must be conquered, it is by our hearts and not by our swords that the victory must be won. This was what Jesus meant by his great teaching, "Love your enemies." This is the business of the Church today.

Secondly, the Church must lead the way in "the preparation of the gospel of peace." If a peace which is to endure, is ever to come—and it must come if mankind is to survive—such peace must be prepared for. Hence, the necessity of initiating this work without delay, and without regard to the military fortunes of any of the belligerents. This also is the stern business and solemn duty of the Church.

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Thirdly, the Church must restore to new authority those august ideals of the spirit which this war has so grossly outraged. Princes and potentates of earth have had their little and most fearful day. Now must come the day of the Lord, the rule of "God, the Invisible King."

This Christmas Morn the Saddest the World Has Ever Seen.

By C. W. GOODELL

(Pastor of St. Paul Methodist Episcopal Church, New York)

Since the real questions that are at issue in this world-war are moral questions it would seem that the Church should throw herself with absolute abandon into inculating service for humanity.

In the awful curtain of fire that lights up the trenches in Picardy, we see not simply struggling soldiers but rather the Man of Nazareth toiling up new Calvaries "With the cross that turns not back," and we can hear over war and groans, "If any man would come after me let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me."

Measured by the wounded and the broken-hearted and the new-made graves that it looks upon, this Christmas morn will be the saddest the world ever saw, but we can endure it if by that price shall be won such a Christmas as the Prince of Peace comes to bring.

Bernard of Caluni sings:

Thus Peace but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way
Who keep the ranks of battle
Who mean the thing they say.

It is the supreme hour of the testing of the Church. When that cloudless Christmas morn comes which is yet to break through the awful night; the world will know whether the Church has proven herself but a cumbrous of the ground, or the dearest and noblest thing on earth. The Church must be the Hand which writes so high upon heavens that all the world can read—not "America over all, but America for all."

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Duties of the Church Toward the War.

By Rev. William Whiting Davis

(Assistant Pastor "Little Church Around the Corner," New York)

War is an occasional, abnormal variety of human experience. The Church (or, if one prefers, the Religious Tradition) is a permanent institution. War has not destroyed the Church. The Church has not destroyed War. When these two meet what has happened, what is now happening, and what may be expected to happen?

The answer is that, on the whole, the Church consistently endeavors to ameliorate the methods of warfare and continually calls men back to peace as the normal state, and to the Prince of Peace as exemplar and leader. She has done it, she is doing it, she will do it always. The will of the Church is not, however, irresistible. Men obey it or disobey it as they choose; just as they obey or disobey every other good tradition or institution, as of government, law, art, etc. The Church meets all the occasional experiences of mankind in this way, and men react towards the Church as they choose. The hope is that in the course of ages men will learn more and more the wisdom of the Church's teachings and will more and more obey it; just as they are slowly learning to accept the wisdom of other good traditions.

Archbishop Farley's Message.

Upon the occasion of the designation of Sunday, October 28th, as a day of prayer, by the President, in a message to his priests Cardinal Farley defined the attitude of the Catholic Church toward the war. A copy of this appeal with which we are favored for this symposium says in part:

"As Catholics, taught to have recourse to God through prayer in all our necessities, we join this universal appeal for the favor and blessing of the Almighty. Our sense of gratitude to God for the free institutions under which we have lived and prospered these many years, will increase the

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fervor of our supplications that with the divine assistance they may be perpetuated for the generations to come.

"I request, therefore, that the clergy of the diocese, not only on next Sunday but every morning at the altar, will make a special memento for the welfare of our beloved country. I direct also that this letter be read to the faithful at all the Masses on Sunday, October 28th. Urge your people as they kneel in adoration during Holy Sacrifice of the Mass to implore Our Blessed Saviour's protection for the Government, and His light and guidance for our leaders, burdened with the tremendous responsibilities of office in this perilous time. Our crusade of prayer comes during the month of the Rosary. The Catholics of the New York Diocese must not forget to invoke the powerful intercession of Our Blessed Mother for this great land of which she is the Patroness.

"The work of preparation is well advanced, and our belligerent participation is about to become effective. Condemned by circumstances or necessity to view the battle from afar with anxious eyes, we pray that God in His mercy may bless the decisions of leaders with wisdom, and that our cause freighted with the future happiness of one hundred million Americans may triumph."

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THE CRY OF MAN

By HARRY KEMP

THERE is a crying in my heart
That never will be still,
Like to the voice of a lonely bird
Behind a starry hill.

There is a crying in my heart
For what I may not know—
An infinite crying of desire
Because my feet are slow. . . .

My feet are slow, my eyes are blind,
My hands are weak to hold:
It is the universe I seek,
All life I would enfold!

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CHRISTMAS IN THE TRENCHES

By SIGMUND HENSCHEN

MORE than a century ago the huddled remnants of an American army slowly froze in the snow. That was Christmas day at Valley Forge. They were fighting for liberty.

History is a cycle. To-day the vanguard of a vast American army is squinting through the loops of fire trenches, watching a bleak space of soil, the No Man's Land of France. They, too, are fighting for liberty. Then, as it is now, they're fighting against the Teuton. The German-speaking George of England forced us into the snows of Valley Forge. The Kaiser has forced us to take up the fight for liberty in France. But to-day our men are not freezing. Think of your men over there; most of them have never been away from home on Christmas. This is the first time. They're men from the colleges, the slums, the cities, the farms. On the firing line the extremes of the earth meet. No college Christmas vacation now; no politician's Christmas dinner; no going around to the corner grocery and picking out a tree; no serving up a plump turkey, fattened since Spring. Instead, what?

Imagine yourself some super-being, able to look down upon it. As a correspondent a Christmas ago I had a similar sensation, looking down upon it from the observer's seat of a war plane. A little desk which released itself on the push of a spring sloped down toward me. There the observer spreads his map, makes his notes. I had no use then for military notes, so I recorded what I saw below. If my memory serves me, this was it:

A tiny world, a toy world. Have you ever looked at a relief map in a museum? Absurd little valleys, hills, tiny houses. You get an impression of it all being very trivial—the world below. Dabbed with white that multiply, a cotton field blooming, then vanishing. The puffs of shrapnel com-

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ing and going—that the only sign of life. A sense of emptiness, below; thin, black tracings, bent like wires, one behind another—the trenches. Did you ever look at the moon through a telescope, at its pock-marked face; that, the earth, seen from above scooped out with the craters of the shells. You know that behind those trenches—miles and miles behind—freight trains are incessantly pounding. At rail head teamsters are clamoring. That there the supply columns churn and skid up the muddy roads to the front. Feeding in, feeding in, cartridges, shells, guns, uniforms, men—day after day. Yet as you look down on them from an airplane, where are they? The "emptiness" of the modern battlefield.

But they're there. They're there for you and your children. They'll stay there until the world is safe for you and your children. Their sacrifice is—well, put yourself in their place. Do they deserve a wonderful Chistmas? Have you made your Christmas happier by brightening theirs? Uncle Sam has. When you think of those trenches on Christmas morning, know that every one of your American boys there is having an American Christmas. He is opening a Christmas box that has come to him from back home. Uncle Sam is seeing to it that all his nephews get theirs. Eager American hands are diving into treasures of pipes, tobacco, cigars, sweet chocolate and—what the rest is the soldier doesn't know until he gets to the bottom of the box. You remember as a child fishing into the stocking? Uncle Sam has deliberately carried out that idea. In every box there will be a surprise—something the soldier wants. Perhaps a safety razor in a khaki roll; perhaps a roll for paper and envelopes, so desirable in the field; perhaps a little pan of plum pudding. No sofa pillows, neckties, silk socks. That's for next year.

But what about the Christmas dinner? Surely he's going to miss that? Not if Uncle Sam can help it! The guns may roar, but it's not going to impair the digestion of the Yanks. Turkey, plum pudding, cranberries for the trenches. Conceive of it—the enormous amount of preparation, labor and adroit adjusting of military routine to make such a thing

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possible, but nothing is too good for Uncle Sam's boys. That is the spirit of our government and of our people.

Come down in those trenches with me on Christmas. Imagine yourself standing on that hill with me—as I did a year ago in Northern France, looking out on a great battlefield.

It is all color and noise—unearthly color, unearthly noise. You stand at the edge of an inferno—in spirit Dante is with you. The heavens streak with sulphurous green and the earth runs with flame. You see rockets swishing up from the trenches, breaking with a weird light that reveals an enemy creeping up. Star shells splitting in a shower of sparks, silvery stars. Isn't there an old saying that when a star falls someone dies? The steady, streaming, reddish line of rifle fire, the yellow and sometimes green, red flash of shells, the steady riveting, tapping of machine guns, the rifles in the distance a host of croaking frogs, and then the guns, the eternal guns with their deafening boom. There, a rocket bursts. The wet fields glisten with mud, then black again. The night crashes and rolls with awful clamor.

But not on Christmas night. But the night before and the night after, yes. They're going through that, your American boys, on the glorious Christmas of their lives. Would you be with them in their trenches on Christmas day? The automobile that picked you up at Division Headquarters has been passing through a nubbly country, the fields on either side lumped with soldiers' graves. For there the Kaiser's hosts were turned back and fled back from the Marne. You have passed clumsy motor trucks churning toward the front, even on Christmas day, but their drivers wearing the Christmas smile, serenely puffing on a Christmas cigar. The sun breaks through one of those winter gray skies common to that part of France; a whirl through a village; powerful car, waking the echoes among low gray stone buildings; peasants in wooden shoes clattering toward a little white church where the Curate will say Noel Mass. A glimpse of a faded yellow proclamation still sticking to a building, a proclamation of the German army, the handprint

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of the Conqueror that was. For this is one of the villages of the deliverance. What a Christmas there! A year ago its people remaining terrified in their homes, occasionally peering through shuttered windows as stolid gray-helmeted men stamped by. But now gay and free on the street; the battle for liberty is being won.

Your motor purrs down the road toward the front as a distant church bell chimes. Did ever a lark more sweetly sing? Long rows of poplar trees convey the serenity of the day. The car comes to a stop.

The first thing that strikes you is an impression that it's the noon hour in a mine. The men are under ground; they look as if they had just stopped working; they're eating, they're smoking. Eating and smoking the things you sent them. A harmonica whines—"The Yanks Are Coming, the Yanks Are Coming." Bits of artificial holly and sprigs of evergreen greet the eye.

"Last Christmas," muses a Bowery boy, between mouthfuls of plum pudding, "the district leader put up one swell feed."

"Yeah," pipes a voice, "I was there. Suicide Annie's gang swore they wuz goin' t' clean out th' dump. They wuz in Dutch wit' th' Big Feller."

"Cleaned out nothin'. They got cold feet."

"You're a kokie. Cold feet my eye. Th' priest told 'em they shouldn't fight on Christmas."

"Gee, wonder if that's why Dutchie isn't chuckin' over some shells to-day?"

As if stunned by the discovery of a great truth, one sees a momentary blankness on their faces. Then, "Swap yer pack o' Sweets fer a stogie."

Wars began in the world from the day that men first came together in groups that had a common interest. On Christmas day these groups inevitably draw together to take their fare in common. Pass down the muddy catacomb of the trenches and you come upon a group of farmer boys. They seem a bit homesick—not the Bowery boy. They're thinking of that shell-shot landscape of France which they

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have caught glimpses of behind the German lines; they're thinking of it in terms of the hills and fields back home. "Pretty good mince pie," a lanky, tow-headed soldier is saying. "Ma's beats it, though."

"I reckon, cigars though pretty good. Beat the kind ole Stebbins sells back home." And he puffed luxuriously on a gift of the American Red Cross. As you pass down among the men you get the impression that the farmer boys are hit harder on Christmas day than the others. It is difficult to reproduce the old fashioned Christmas of a farmhouse in a trench of France. It can't be done, but Uncle Sam has tried his best and his farmer soldiers are meeting him half way.

You notice that the soldiers try to outdo each other in the individuality of their dug-outs. They have little signs above them. You've left behind The Palace Dancing Academy (for gents only) where the Bowery boys were. You've passed a sign R. F. D. No. 2, where the farmers were. You're coming upon a sign, The Luxuriana Apartments (children not desired), where some city men are. The cliff dwellers, they, called from their two-by-four flats of a great city to a life in two-by-four dug-outs in the soil of France. Don't believe that a city knocks all the sentiment out of a man. You'll change your mind in a minute as you go among them. "In the morning," a former bank clerk is saying, "my wife's people and mine always come over. They bring a lot of things to put on the tree. Don't you always have a tree, even without kids in the house. The hall boy's wife always cooks a Christmas dinner for us. She's a Southern negress and does it right. Celery, turkey that melts in your mouth, the skin all brown and crackly, candied sweet potatoes, a plum pudding——" "Cut it out. Have a heart."

But Christmas, though it is, the Americans are taking no chances, the sentinels are alert; they're watching the German lines. Who knows when a Prussian is going to run amuck? Out in a little outpost trench eight men are peering at that line of gray sand bags three hundred yards away.

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To get to them you have to crouch down. Their approach trench is but a yard deep; it leads out from the fire trench into No Man's Land. You have to walk doubled over, or expose yourself to the enemy. You encounter a door of solid steel that slides into a steel sheathed groove in the ground allowing you to pass; ten yards and you come upon another gate, this one of wood and tangled with barbed wire. Another ten yards and you are in the outpost trench, semi-circular, stacked with sand bags and bristling with machine guns, and there eight of Uncle Sam's boys with shrapnel-proof helmets on their heads and Christmas box waiting for them in their dug-out when they are relieved. As you stand there a sign slowly comes up behind the enemy's sand bags. You make out the letters, "Americans, Exchange With Us Cigars for Good German Beer. We Send Out One Soldier With Beer, You Send Out One Soldier With Cigars. Nobody Shoot."

Curiously you watch the result. A sentinel remarks, "These Dutchies aren't such bad guys. They call themselves Saxonians. They don't seem to like a scrap. They surrender whenever we go over after them." Then you see a sign come up from over the American trenches: "You're On." Nothing happens, minutes drag, then boldly a helmeted figure scrambles up over the top of the German trenches and comes toward the American line; the eight American sentries cover him. "Those guys are going dip, coming out in the open like that."

"Forget it; they know we won't plug them to-day."

Yet with a suspicion that seems to be bred of past experiences the sentries watch the approach of the single German soldier. He comes with his hands flung over his head, shouting "Comrades."

"Comrade, my eye," growls a sentry who lost a bunkie only the day before. "Gee, I'd like to give him one."

"Don't shoot," cautions the Corporal, "see what he wants. It's Christmas."

In a moment an extremely young and scrawny German was among them, a willing prisoner. He explains the Ger-

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mans had not understood the American answer, "You're on." "Was ist das?"

A great light broke in on the Corporal. "They're not onto our slang, boys. Say Dutchie, speak English?"

"Sure, I am very good English speaker. I used to work by a piano factory in Jersey City."

"You damn fool; why didn't you stay there?"

"Yah, I get a notice to report, it from the Consulate is come. I got to go. I say I am Swede, get job on Danish steamer, make my report to Consulate in Copenhagen; they send me to Germany. Americanischer, first papers I have, too."

"You are a fool."

"Yah, Ich bin big chump. I prisoner now, no? Blenty to eat, isn't it?"

"Private Clark," ordered the Corporal, "take the prisoner to the Lieutenant."

In that front trench you acquire wisdom. You learn that the Saxonian soldiers are dissatisfied with the war, that they are driven into the fight by their officers' pistols. You learn that their disaffection is so great that they warn the troops opposite them whenever the Prussians or Bavarians are coming to relieve them. So it does not surprise you later when you see the exchange effected. When you see one of Uncle Sam's boys with a box of cigars swagger up over the top and there in No Man's Land meet a lone Kaiser conscript. Cigar for cigar, the American exacts a bottle of golden beer—for Pershing's army is allowed beer and light wines, the water of France being most unpalatable and dangerous to drink.

You spend a day in those trenches of happiness. You are conscious that the day has been made happy for the soldier. Your mind conceives how the thing has been done. The campaign that began last summer for Christmas boxes, the harnessing of the Post Office, the Navy and the hearts of the American people to Uncle Sam's Christmas Day in the trenches. It is a day of song in the trenches, a time of feasting, and just before you go you witness something that

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you can never forget. "Attention!" an official-looking party is coming. From out of the approach trench they emerge into the fire trench. You get a glimpse of long, well-fitting overcoats, the sleeves braided with black; officers are coming, the General and his staff. He is a kind-faced man, with white hair. You recognize him as one of those retired generals of the American army who, as soon as war was declared, re-tendered his services. "Merry Christmas, men!" he calls. "Merry Christmas, General!" Down the line he goes, a kind word for all, a kind glance that is real, and the men know it. How different from the shallow, artificiality of the Imperial Crown Prince when he tries to put across with his men the idea that he is interested in them for something besides cannon fodder. If ever one could grasp the spirit of the American army, one get it in the trenches on Christmas Day. One sees it when the General puts his hand on the shoulder of a homesick farmer boy and whispers a cheering word in his ear. It is the day when the American officer turns his back on things, winks and looks the other way when the rules of discipline are infringed upon. It is the day when soldiers are allowed to write home uncensored letters. Yet they know that on the morrow the guns will growl again. The General addresses them and says, "Bear in mind that the enemy is your enemy and the enemy of humanity until he is killed or captured; then he is your dead brother or your fellow soldier, beaten and ashamed, whom you should no further humiliate. Do not fight today unless the enemy begins it. If he does, you shall fight in the name of liberty, equality and fraternity, in France, where those things were born and where you are saving them for the world." A touch of sentiment in the day, the guns throttled, peace on earth, your American boys are keeping it, and next Christmas, God willing, you'll have them home.

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THE LOGIC AND PASSIONS OF WAR

[Thoughts and Prophesies]

By MAX NORDAU

Second Article

PEOPLE are racking their brains to know or to guess what will be the economical relations between the nations after the re-establishment of peace. What will be the new aspects that science, literature, art, will assume? But nobody seems to have asked himself what will be the state of mind of the soldiers upon their return from the war.

From twenty to twenty-two millions of men, practically all that count in Europe, have been torn away by the world conflict from their normal existence, their regular occupations, all their essential and minor habits. I shall be optimistic and suppose that the war will not last more than another year, which, alas! appears more and more to be a fond dream. Many, most of these millions of men will, therefore, have passed three years under arms. Try now to realize what this statement represents morally and materially.

Besides ceasing to be a free citizen and a civilized man, the soldier has lost, also, during the years of the campaign, all the benefits of a hundred thousand years of intellectual and moral evolution of mankind. He has foregone the outlook toward coming times and events. Future is inexistent to him; he is wholly confined in the present. Tomorrow has no meaning to him. Will he live the next hour? Why give it a thought? Struggle for life is no more spiritualized and symbolic; it has taken its literal sense and its most brutally pristine form. He is the hunted beast that his remotest ancestor has been, ever on his guard against the claws and fangs of the giant tiger of the tertiary period and of the monstrous cave bear. His life is as precarious as was that of the Cro-Magnon or Neanderthal man. Death

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constantly lurks about him. His enemy is not a beast of prey but another brute, more ferocious still, the watchful foe, intent upon massacring him. His only idea must be to kill in order not to be killed.

And now imagine the instant when, war over, he is restored to civil life. He will find it hard, at first, not to be upset. What sudden change! What powerful impressions! Home again! He will be startled by a dazzling, overwhelming sight; he will re-discover civilization which he will have had time to forget entirely.

The utterable surprise of the first natives of the New World whom Columbus took to Europe, when lifted out of their barbarism and put without a transition in front of white man's culture, was faint compared with that of the twenty or twenty-two millions of soldiers who, after abominable years of hard toil, incessant anguish and constant extreme danger, of sleeplessness, privation and dirt, of the existence of a savage of pre-history, find themselves, as by a stroke of a sorcerer's wand, reintegrated into the twentieth century, with all its arrangements, commodities, inventions and progress.

They have again a stable domicile, a roof overhead, a closed room with a ceiling and walls shutting out the rain and wind; they walk on a dry, clean floor where they are not engulfed, legs and body, by icy mire; they can plunge into a delicious warm bath, lie down to sleep in a real bed, between white sheets, have their hair cut and combed, take a shave, wash themselves thoroughly, become delivered of their vermin—so many and varied joys at the same time—it will be almost too much to bear.

And there will be other wonderful satisfactions in addition to these material boons. The discharged soldier, yesterday a slave, recovers his freedom. Iron discipline is succeeded by autonomy. He has no more superiors; he is equal to everyone. He is again endowed with will and judgment. He does what he likes. He goes where he pleases. He is a citizen. He is a voter. He may speak. He may write. His mind breaks loose from the narrow circle of the

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immediate present and roams into the near or distant future. His thoughts conceive objects other than the pressing wants of the body—hunger, thirst, exhaustion, sleep, defence of life, escape from death. He believes in the day to come. He trusts at sunset that he will live to see the dawn. He frames projects, the realization of which implies time and duration as primary elements. It is a re-birth. The world gains a new aspect which is no longer familiar to him. He has the revelation of an unknown universe of which he had no idea in the trenches.

This sudden leap from the existence of the stone age to that of modern man, this re-discovery of twentieth century civilization, will be the most astounding experience of the millions of soldiers who will survive the world war.

WAR HAS BANISHED THE AMERICAN SPHINX WOMAN

As conceived by European, she was obligatorily the daughter of a multi-millionaire, a phenomenal gold bug, a marvel of beauty, elegance, over-refinement and also of icy chilliness. Some rare species of her kind still thrive. She is haughty, consumed by an unbridled passion for ruling, and a total stranger to scruples. To put it briefly, she is the superwoman, towering on top of her monumental pride high above common humanity.

If she has not invented snobbishness, she has carried it to extreme perfection. It is at her instigation and behest that the most venerable historical sites, the most bewitching landscapes, are profaned by the odiously vulgar palace hotels which she infests with her silly gossip, her upstart luxury and her repugnant cake-walks, fox-trots and grizzly steps.

Such appears the American Sphinx, as she is imagined by the untutored average European nurtured on current fiction and papers; and Mrs. Clara Ward seemed to answer, feature, this description of the fine and weird transatlantic monster.

It is these women who have begotten the American nation and Columbian civilization. It is they who keep together this powerful commonwealth. It is they who culti-

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vate its human and civic virtues and preserve its morality and its ideals. Obviously, the new fangled multi-millionaires of New York or Chicago who used to come over to Europe in search of a coronet to put on her vainglorious head, does not fall in with this description. For a good reason: because she has nothing in common with the American woman who, amidst the most strenuous efforts and the most cruel privations, has prepared for her country the most resplendent future. She is not the typical American; she is a hot-bed plant of Manhattan Island. She is an artificial product of Fifth Avenue. Her evolution diverges from the lines of the natural development of her nation. She brings to Europe only her dollars but not her heritage of Americanism.

PARTING OF WAYS BETWEEN LUXURY AND BARE NECESSITIES

In the course of the world war Europe makes a discovery which throws it into astonishment. Not one country of this part of the world suffices itself, not one can feed its inhabitants. Yet, everywhere the natural conditions for it are given. From Iceland to Gibraltar, from the North Cape to Sicily, from Archangel to the Aegean Islands there is no degree of longitude and latitude of European territory which does not produce all that is necessary to nourish, to keep warm, dry, and clean, human beings. History attests that there was a time when everywhere the native population found, or created, on its own soil, everything the maintenance of its existence required, and was content with the offerings of its land. Life was perhaps easier, more agreeable, more luxurious in one place than in others, but everywhere it could be kept up.

Now, on the contrary, it becomes evident that the earth everywhere refuses the necessary to its owners. The housewife was accustomed to go to the market or the shop and to purchase what she wanted without asking or speculating about where it came from. That concerned the merchant, not the customer. At present, people find out that nearly all the most common commodities were imported from

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abroad, in many cases from afar, and that they must be foregone, because international traffic and exchange of goods have practically ceased.

Has the ground of Europe become unproductive? Nobody pretends that. On the contrary, it is an undisputed fact that, thanks to the better methods of cultivation, to the selection of the seed-grain, to the scientific manure, it yields far more abundant crops than at any prior epoch. True, agriculture is not yet independent of climate and the freaks of the weather. Last year the harvest was everywhere middling or bad. Moreover, twenty-two to twenty-four millions of the most vigorous workers could not with impunity be withdrawn from the European economy and sent to the trenches. These hands were badly missing in every nook and corner and their deficiency made itself necessarily felt. Lack of laborers and failure of crops, however, are no sufficient explanation of the want of the most indispensable objects prevailing everywhere.

This want is the consequence of the method of production adopted by Europe during the last generations. No country works for itself, everyone works for foreign parts. Each country relies upon its neighbor, and expects of him the satisfaction of its need.

I should fear to become dull if I were to pass in review every country. Suffice it to sum up the condition of all of them in one formula: No European country produces what it wants, no one wants what it produces. This is the consequence of the triumph of economical theories which were glorified by some and violently opposed by others.

The conditions brought about by the world war seem to justify the theories of the agrarians. If these had always and everywhere been strictly applied, there would be nowhere distress and hunger now. Every country would be independent of every other, it would fully cover its requirements at home, without effecting anything from abroad, and the interruption of universal traffic would not trouble it.

Exactly. Each of the two economic theories is backed by its own view of life and its own logic. The theoricians

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of interdependence must tend towards the establishing and cultivating of friendly relations between the peoples, towards the avoiding of all ill-humor, all misunderstandings, towards the multiplication of points of contact, facilitating communications, opening wide the frontiers, making the stranger everywhere comfortable, effacing the differences between nation and nation to the point of imperceptibleness.

The theoricians of agrarianism, on the contrary, shut the frontiers hermetically. They set against every stranger a defying, provoking face, unless they turn roughly their back on him. If the stranger intends selling them cheaply what they produce expensively, they impede it by means of prohibitive duties. If nature forces on them some produce in such quantities that with the best intention they cannot use it up, they are not proposing it as obliging traders to foreign customers, they pretend to coerce them with the pistol on the breast, to buy it of them at their own price and in the quantity and state fixed by them. If, owing to the present degree of civilization, they cannot resign themselves to do without certain raw materials which they must give up the hope of producing in their own country, they are not willing to buy them abroad, but are determined to conquer the region of their presence, and annex it to their dominions.

Thus, we see how cooperation leads to cosmopolitism, and agrarianism to nationalism. One says: "One good turn deserves another"; the other, "My hand against everybody else's!" One acts on the proverb: "To live and let live"; the other on the maxim: "If I be warm, let other people shiver." The afterthought of one is peace, of the other war.

If at idyllic epochs someone had affirmed: "Free trade is synonymous with good will, equity, love of mankind; while agrarianism, protectionism, and colonial expansion mean greed after foreign lands, lust of conquest, robbing propensity, war of all against all, pruriency of power, passion for domination, he would have been charged with exaggeration, dogmatism, and libel. And still he would have been right. Present events prove it.

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You see: logic is no every day's fare. People are not in the habit of thinking thoughts to the end. This is regularly done by mathematics alone, and that is why mathematics is the queen of science, and the triumph of understanding.

FINAL VICTORY WILL BE DEMOCRACY

The sacred union which has been solemnly proclaimed in all the belligerent countries at the outbreak of the war, has been pretty honestly observed everywhere. There is no open political strife. The parties respect the covened truce. They do not, however, entirely abstain from sly underhand activities destined to prepare more determined undertakings for the day when peace shall be restored.

The conservatives, especially, try hard, if with innocent mien and sanctimonious unction, to impress public opinion with the systematic untiring affirmation that the thought of the hour is adverse to liberalism, that a wave of reaction is rolling over Europe and submerging it wholly. They enumerate complacently the symptoms proving that the current turns away from political radicalism, freethinking, and revolutionary principles, and rushes impetuously towards death, tradition, authority, and intellectual and moral discipline. The churches are packed with fervent congregations, not only of women and children but also of men who had forgotten the road to the sanctuaries. Literature is invaded by mystics, bigots, and fanatics, whom interested critics, followed by silly parrots, recommend insistently to snobs very conscious of their social and political aims. It would be easy to adduce dozens of examples to bear out this assertion. It is sufficient to point out the case of Paul Claudel, that unbearable driveller, with the soul of a monk plunged in the routine of monastic exercises that medieval snuffler strayed in our century, who, in jellylike, boneless, shapeless " free " or " imagist " verses expresses feelings—I dare not say ideas—of an accomplished beadle. His partisans raised him to the pinnacle, declared him to be the greatest French poet of the time, and the flock of imbeciles, submitting to the suggestion of the hyperbolical sycophants,

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repeated with upturned eyes this enormity, not understanding that they inflicted a deadly insult on French literature, the glory of its country and of our epoch.

The overflow of verse and prose drenched in holy water and scented with frankincense was accompanied with newspaper commentaries trying hard to prove that these writings are the faithful expression of the present state of mind of the European peoples who disavow with disgust their former irreligion, their pacifism, their anti-militarism, their democratic mistake, all their revolutionary heresies of which they had nearly died. The champions of conservatism have a sufficient knowledge of psychology to be aware that a dogmatical affirmation, pronounced in an authoritative or even dictatorial tone and repeated with perseverance impresses decisively neutral minds without reasoned and settled convictions, and they use lavishly this easy means which is within reach of the first best mountebank.

The effect was not long to appear. Everywhere we hear now repeated that Europe is in full reaction, and that after the war there will begin a period of reconstruction of all the ruins of the past that have been believed to be abolished forever, a period analogous to that of the Holy Alliance which followed the wars of the French revolution and the first Empire, only more solidly founded on the convictions and feelings of the peoples, more generally accepted, and consequently more lasting and fruitful than that of 1915.

This prediction has turned into a commonplace. According to the presumptuous interpreters of the mental movement of their contemporaries the cycle of the noisy bankruptcies is now completing itself and coming to a close. It began some twenty years ago with Brunetiere's proclaiming the insolvency of Science. After him, William James declared the bankruptcy of truth, vaunting his "pragmatism" which is the negation of all philosophy the object of which is the investigation of truth, and the denial of truth itself. Then came Henry Bergson announcing the bankruptcy of reason and human intelligence, and instituting the worship of intuition. Finally, the reactionaries register the

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bankruptcy of the principles of 1789, of democracy, of the emancipation of personality, and the remorseful return to tradition, to authority, to spiritual, social, and political hierarchies.

Minds, in these hours, are in Europe to such a degree unsettled that every interpretation of their state might seem plausible. The poor peoples, ruined, bled almost to death, intoxicated with hatred and homicidal fury, raving in a delirium of destruction, ramble madly. But this fit of lunacy will subside the day peace will be reestablished, and then we shall see what will remain of all the morbidly confused ideas that now best this part of the world.

Militarism will not survive this war. The barracks are propitious to it, the trenches are deadly for it. In time of peace the engine of military organization can grind his personality, transform him into an automaton, compel him to unreserved submission under the rules and the superiors who embody them.

In war the blind and pedantic discipline loses its power over the men. The character manifests itself. The autonomy of the person is restored. The soldier changes into the warrior, that is to say, into a being with initiative, with individual effort, with independent and immediate decision. With merely passive obedience he would not go far under fire, at the assault, in hand-to-hand fight. He respects the officer by reason of his valor which promptly reveals itself in action, not for the number of his galloons. Peril of death establishes itself an equality of which only the superiority of pluck, of coolness, of presence of mind, in one word of heroism emerges. Those who return from the trenches do no longer believe in hierarchy, but only in personal virtue. They laugh at rigidly mechanical discipline, but bow with deeper respect before men of duty and sacrifices.

Is pacifism dead?

Poor reactionaries, you will suffer the pain of discovering that it will be the faith of to-morrow.

Democracy been wiped out?

To-morrow it will quietly take possession of the most

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aristocratic societies that have resisted it most furiously, as in these years of war every mobilized man will have learned to know his proper dignity and will insist upon getting his share in the management of public affairs which are his own affairs.

The dominion of the souls will be restored to the church?

This is a bold assertion. Yes, those that have for years seen violent death near them, will undoubtedly preserve a certain contempt for material things, a tendency towards idealism. But this idealism will reply to the present state of civilization, that is to say it will be neither superstitous nor mystical.

The " wave of reaction " is a delusion. It is a symptom of disease. It is a nightmare we will not even remember after the return of death.

REMEMBRANCE

By LOUIS GINSBERG

THIS is the corner; this, the street.
How quiet now! They used to know
The laughter of her passing feet,
A little while ago.

They knew the time I held her near:
Loveliness flamed about this place;
Desires flared about us here,
And lit her eager face.

O street that's brooding quietly,
O little dreaming corner, you—
Why are you gazing so at me,
To pierce me through and through?

Why do you look to haunt me so?
Why do you want to stab me yet?
O, tell me, is it that you know
You, too, cannot forget?

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"MY TYPES"—CAROLYN WELLS

By PENDENNIS

A canner exceedingly canny
One morning remarked to his granny:
"A canner can can
Anything that he can,
But a canner can't can a can, can he?"

EVERY man to his trade, say I, but there are moments in the industrious lives of honest endeavor when a limerick of this sort applies itself seriously. If the canner had been canny enough he probably would have found a way to can a can, especially in these days of camouflage. In this case the canner was not sufficiently canny to make sure of his job. It was not altogether his fault. When a lady who has written a hundred books, beautifully bound, waves her hand over the special book shelf in which they are kept and insists that they have no types taken from life, what's to be done? If a man had said that, well, you know how men settle their little disputes, but a lady whose versatility alone would give her an advantage over the agility of an athlete, leaves one so helpless.

She was told that she ought to have types, that it was absurd for a successful author to be without them, in fact, it was explained to her that the thing had never been done, that it wasn't literary in the true sense of the word, that, in short no lady would write books without real types. It was rather strong talk, to be sure, but the case was urgent. A whole generation of nice, quiet, tidy little girls all over the country had been reading those girl series with some certainty that they were really true stories of a really true little girl. For fifteen years the "Patty" series have been published, a new period in Patty's life being developed in every book, and yet in the knowledge of the author, she had never existed. Not only that, but the author had never seen any girl like her. Not a single one of the little girls in these most

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successful books by Carolyn Wells had she known personally. She just made them up, every blessed one of them. They had no more real existence than Gelett Burgess's "Purple Cow." You remember her, of course:

"I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one:
But I can tell you anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."

I quote this famous verse of Gelett Burgess because it expresses Miss Wells' feelings towards her types. Quite shamelessly she insisted that she had never used a type in any of her books. People didn't mean anything at all in her busy life. Her friends, she admitted, are chiefly authors who are equally careless, persons like Oliver Herford, for instance. She likes to read the magazines because one can find something in them by Robert W. Chambers to amuse one or by Rupert Hughes to amaze one. Neither of them impressed her with their sincerity to types, they didn't even occupy her mind, they just dropped in on her idle moments and went away again.

There is nothing of the impressionist about Carolyn Wells. No occult mist of vision, no oriental love of lotus diet, no dead past or indiscreet present, threatens her industrious authorship. She is a tall, sensible, energetic woman whose insatiable sense of humor dominates her thought. She works at her typewriter till lunch time every day, and when put to it can dash off a "movie" on Sunday for a thousand dollars. Not every Sunday, but it happened once, and she expects it will happen again. Her afternoons are spent at bridge whist, or some other play. Between times she writes other things because the publishers ask her to. She has written numerous anthologies, a "Nonsense Anthology," a "Parody Anthology," a "Whimsy Anthology," a "Satire Anthology." She gave us "Fluffy Ruffles," the "Marjory Books," the "Patty Books," the "Lover's Baedeker," and innumerable detective tales, "A Chain of Evidence," "The Clues," and other mystery stories. Then she has filled many

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scrap books with humorous verse, essays and contributions to the magazines. There's a lot more about her in that human dictionary of "Who's Who." No one has dared to compile a volume devoted to the solemn task of telling us "What's What," by the way, which we are sadly in need of when it comes to explaining how a lady can become one of the most successful authors of American girl types without knowing any of them. But "A canner can can anything that he can," and therefore how Carolyn Wells does it becomes revealing.

"I am a very simple sort of person, I lack genius," said Miss Wells. "In spite of this I am a member of the Author's League and I have written book-shelves full of books. I simply can't tell you how I did it in a way that would be interesting; that is, not in a way you might expect me to do. Only in one tradition can I fulfill your expectation. I became an author because my father lost his money, because I wanted to keep this little old homestead where I was born for my little mother and myself. No, I had never written anything before, and I didn't know whether I would be able to sell what I did write. My first story was published in the *St. Nicholas,* it was the "Betty" series. It didn't give me the slightest trouble. I happened to get hold of a perfectly neutral stenographer, and I found that I could talk to her without exciting her at all, and she wouldn't talk back. That is how I first began my work as an author. I just sat comfortably in an armchair and talked to her, and she wrote it down, and the publishers printed it, and I got money from it to pay her salary, with something left over for myself. When she left I tried several others, but they would become interested in what I was talking about and I couldn't do anything with them. I believe that many a stenographer has made a great author, and many a stenographer has spoiled a good author. I decided to take my own chances, so now I sit down humbly at my typewriter and just run off three thousand words between breakfast and luncheon. I really don't know what I am going to write when I sit down at my machine, but somehow it comes out all right. No, I am not

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inspired by anything or anybody. I just know that eleven typewritten pages makes a chapter, and I know that when I have written so many chapters I have a book."

It all seems horribly prosaic, this confession of authorship so frankly made. How could she know what little girls of twelve or fourteen years old would like to read unless she had studied them, had them around her, talked with them, confided in them?

"I receive hundreds of letters from my little girl readers," she resumed, "asking me if Patty is going to get married, when she is going to get married, and what she is going to wear. I always make it a point to answer a letter. I am nothing if not efficient. If Patty marries I shall lose a lot of money. It is a costly thing to an author to marry off a girl like Patty. So you see I am neither a novelist, a genius, or an artistic person of any sort. If I were really artistic, I should have spent several years studying a girl like Patty before I wrote a line about her. As a matter of fact, I never met anyone like her. I am not very fond of children; I don't know any of them, excepting my little niece, and I am not going to write about her.

"How did I find out what little girls like? That isn't so very difficult if you have ever been a little girl yourself. Of course you were once a little boy, and don't know anything about it. I don't know anything about boys, so I never write about them. I suppose I started to write about little girls because it was a good field for a writer. And the success of my first story brought me many requests from publishers to continue that form of writing. No, I have no weaknesses that I am aware of. I write because it pays, and I am never particularly interested in reading the stories I write. I never make any corrections after I have written a story. I did so once or twice, and the corrections spoiled the story. You see, I have to be very careful not to make my young girl heroines talk cleverly. Their repartee is just one stage removed from the nursery, so it is really no great strain to keep on pounding the typewriter until I am tired.

"As to plots, I reserve those for my detective stories. I

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consider a good detective story as the most interesting form of writing. It usually makes an excellent movie also, so the revenue doubles itself. Yes, I do think of the revenue when I am writing. Every typewritten page represents so many dollars to me, and I never make a chapter over eleven typewritten pages, which is about three thousand words.

"For the first time in my life a detective was pointed out to me the other day, and it made me shiver to look at him. In all my detective stories I have never drawn a detective from a real character. My acquaintance with criminals has been entirely neglected. I deal with murder because it is the most interesting form of crime. I never saw a murder committed, I never knew a murderer, and I do not take my plots from what I read in the newspapers. I do know, however, that there are three or four kinds of murder—stabbing, strangling, poison, or the blackjack. I use these four degrees of murder in rotation for each of my detective stories. On the first page of my story I write murder, on my last page I tell how it was done. The design of a detective story is mystery. I love mystery, though I am by no means a mysterious woman. I have no patience with the occult, the psychic, the spiritualistic in detective stories. Zangwill said that the best detective story was one where the crime occurs in a sealed room, where no one could enter or leave. He wrote such a story and it was a great story. There are no types in my detective stories either. The job of writing a detective story is merely to sustain the mystery. Of course before I write the story I have hit upon a solution of the crime, which I try my utmost to hide from the reader.

"My favorite authors are Edith Wharton, William Dean Howells and Brander Matthews. I would rather read Gelett Burgess or Oliver Herford than Mark Twain. I like all English humor, and some American wit. I live a perfectly blameless life. Three days in Rahway, New Jersey, and three days in a hotel in New York. I keep different clothes in the two places, my best in New York, of course. I was born here in Rahway, in this old homestead, which I keep for my dear mother. I am not at all fussy, when I cross

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the room and there are two things to pick up, I pick them up at the same time; I do not cross the room twice. I know exactly what I am going to do before I do it.

"I have always gotten orders ahead for books. I have a contract with one publisher to write so many books in three years. I have another contract with another publisher to write so many books in five years. I am thoroughly booked up, as you can see. When I write articles or verses, I make out little cards with the name of the article on it. If it comes back from the editor I put a pencil mark through it; if it is sold I put a pen and ink mark through it. Fortunately there are very few pencil marks.

"My habits are simple. I rise at ten in the morning, I write till lunch time, and I never think about writing the rest of the day. I either play bridge whist, go to the theatre, motor and dine out. I have a host of friends because I am friendly by disposition. I have only one great fault as an author, I have no types."

Carolyn Wells has not done herself complete justice in this interview. She has omitted or declined to say that her girl books are the most fascinating and entertaining form of literature for young girls in America, and that her detective stories are the best mystery yarns on the market. She has also omitted to refer to the very valuable and brilliant anthologies of humor which she has compiled. These are important contributions to the history of American authors. She has a whimsical, fertile, delightful originality of humor, which has been expressed in so many ways. It is hard to forgive her for being without types.

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MAKING MAN POWER

By THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

IT may be said that life is now so various that the old maxims fail. This is true, and as the times will not adapt themselves to us, we must adapt ourselves to the times. Varied observations and as much reflection as you can indulge in, gives you best the measure of men and things, and prevents any one man or thing from bulking too large, as compared with others. Your mental pictures must not be all foreground. You must get all subjects into proper perspective, see their relative value, and not be like a man who has eaten too much food and sees in his dreams and nightmare an object the size of a pea that grows so big that it oppresses his eyes, looms gigantic just in front of his nose, and weighs upon his chest. You must not be smothered with insignificance. Let not one detail swallow up your general view. What a nuisance would you be to any society if you only repeated at second hand the thoughts and manners of another. An echo may be fair enough to listen to for a while, however grotesque the repetition, but a second-hand echo is only tolerable when it dies among very distant mountains.

Perhaps there is nothing in the equipment and outfit for life more useful than a thorough knowledge of your own tongue. To write in that language which is the dominant speech of about 350 millions of people, to write it so that you can not only express yourself with ease and elegance, but command attention, is a sure means of success. It is astonishing, considering the number of those who use English, how few are the writers whose name is known beyond the nearest book-stall. And yet in romance there is no doubt that the English writers are better than are those of most of the nations. But it is not to bid you hope to catch the ear of the millions that I ask you to do all you can to cultivate good writing. Hugh Miller, a Scots stone mason, Carlyle, a Scots schoolmaster, and many others, who in their youth may not have known how to use "will" and "shall" and may have

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been as full of provincialisms as a thistle of spikes, blossomed into the "glossy purple that outreddens all luxurious garden roses" of imperial speech.

Do not be in a hurry. At all events do not let hurry drive you. In military art, in the inculcation of the power of conquest, in the very passion of attack in warfare, you may see how the soldier is trained to husband his strength, for the decisive moment. The swinging together of troops, the acting together in unison derived from training, is the key to victory. And just as the severe discipline of the parade ground and field of exercise is good to give steadiness and unison of movement in attack, so let ordinary habits be the parade ground on which you can guard against being unduly hurried in the day of emergency. Train the mind to act with order, and method, and you will not be "flustered" and lose your head, as the phrase goes, when you have to act quickly. The man who is always in a hurry is the man who is easiest "put out" and useless when an unseen emergency occurs.

All slovenliness in words may have been corrected by the scribe of old who wrote on wax with his stylet, just as a newspaper reporter now often charitably corrects an ill-constructed sentence in a speech. But reporters and others ready and willing to set us straight cannot always be at hand. We must trust ourselves to do nothing carelessly. One of the best weapons of defense against this is neatness in dress and habits. If you watch a man when he is alone at a railway restaurant, at a reading room, or at any out-of-door pastime, and see him bolting his food, or with clothes awry, or hitting wildly at a ball, be sure that fellow wants taking in hand, first by others, but principally by himself.

Don't believe so much in a man who points only to the skies, refusing to let you look at the Heaven's reflection in the earthly waters below them. Such a man may think himself a sacred monitor, but he is only a second-hand humbug. Learn from men who look at you as you are, in the flesh, earthly, for they will seek not unsuccessfully to turn your aptitudes to beatitudes. Some would seem to think that

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God's spirit in man and the church are not one and the same, but different and opposed. Evil may be as inherent in our nature as good; but to assume that we are evil is a wanton imputation only to be met with the old motto of the Order of the Garter, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

So in dealing with events and with men. Face them, don't be afraid of them, and then only after coming to close quarters with them will you know if they are or are not to be overcome, or passed, or managed by your powers. Sometimes there will be failure, but the failures will bear but a small proportion to the successes. Be single in one lofty aim, be double in your mental outfit. Take a spare horse for life's journey. Short as that journey is, it is long enough to tire out your mental mount if you have but one. Teach your mind to turn from any too absorbing subject, and take up another for a time. By strong will, and above all, by practice, this can be done; and it will save you if you are a hard worker from the madness that does not come alone from love, or money-making, but from all unsettlement of mind that is often produced by thought settling on one idea alone. Be various, not monotonous in idea. Take up some task suited to your taste in a profession, and let that profession be your main object, but have also an undercurrent setting another way, not disturbing the first, but on another level, preserving a separate stream. So will you be able to dive into one or other as you require a different temperature for your bath of reason. Above all things do not let the more social or trivial or even necessary ties of everyday existence absorb entirely your time. Keep some of the precious minutes of each day of your brief life for the purposes you set before you of building up something that you can look back upon in the evening of your days as marking your course as not useless or wholly insignificant. In holding fast to the higher things, in the sure refuge of lofty thought, you will have a means of avoiding misery when unsuccessful. Indeed each one ought to have in life not only these higher aspirations which will be unfailing comfort in adversity, but also "a second string to your bow," "another arrow in your

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quiver," in your usual and common everyday pursuits. Lead in this respect a double life. Have some pursuit, follow some taste, that cannot be hurt and extinguished by the cloud of sorrow or disappointment that may meet you in business or other relations. Let this double life give your mind an alternative pursuit, and devote as much time as you can spare to it. It will brace your mind for your professional labour, for relaxation is in itself a bracing of the intellectual powers. No one can endure the drag of one strain of trying thought for long without a diminution of mental energy. By wandering into some other field of thought, your nerve and brain will be refreshed, and if you can in such excursions keep to the airy highlands or open fields of an entrancing occupation, your steps will be the firmer when you return to narrow and darksome ways of other labours. So lead in this sense a double life, in that you may rest yourself on some other support that cannot fail you.

What is there that is so enduring, that mental shock shall not harm it, you may ask? There is not one such lasting aid and comfort, but many. For some this abiding joy may be found where Art leads her votaries onward, and ever on, to take delight in new forms of loveliness; teaching them as they fervently pursue her, how to attain nearer and nearer to that perfection of which even nature herself shows only broken parts. To others happiness may last in the ever new and captivating search into the mysticism of that nature herself. To explore the methods of creation, and trace the chain of life from the lowest to the highest of the creatures that are alive now in earth, or air, or sea, or have lived where we now exist, their bones and even their outward shapes preserved in the truth-telling rocks; to summon before our eyes the scenes of a world enjoyed as we enjoy our own, long before man came from the hand of the Almighty Artificer, is in itself a wondrous pleasure. Others may prefer to lighten their labours by weaving for themselves the webs of fancy and romance. They may develop that happiness they knew as children in listening to the tales of fairyland, and the exploits of elfin knights and lady sprites dwelling in the hol-

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lows of the blossoms and sipping honeydew. They may even make their fortune by clever plays showing the follies in crises of actual life on the dramatic stage, or exhibit the last infirmity of noble minds in the weaving of verse. They may do much if they aspire to do little at a time, and by making the pen, or the chemist's laboratory, or the painter's studio their charm against melancholy in the hours that they can spare, they will be leading that double life of which I speak, and which I commend to you as a wise division of your thought in that lower plane of existence it is our duty as well as our inevitable fate to tread here. We can thus in freedom from mental weakness place our hopes on that higher plane of thought which is not so much a mental exercise, as a calling forth of that faith without which life is emptiness—faith that in all we do, we may gain the reward that He alone can give, from Whom all things are, and in Whom all things move and have their being.

THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT GO TO WAR

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

THE man who would not go to war was young.
His strength was known through all the neighboring farms—
And yet, he would not heed his Nation's call.
He worked upon the farm that was the pride
Of that locality. He told each one
That spoke of war that he would keep his place
Till he was forced to go. When work was done
He roamed about the farm, and in his eyes
Was love of rich land and its fruitfulness.
And still he did not seem to love the Flag
That had made sure his young prosperity.
He sat at night and thought of level fields,
Of grain that turned to gold beneath the sun,
While other men went forth to fight and die.

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His father, who had faced a firing-line,
Was half ashamed of him. He told his son:
"Your younger brother can stay here and help
Upon the farm. Even your sister knows
Enough to help me well enough that you
Can go to war, and still the farm will be
As good as ever."
But the son replied, "I love this land."
"But not enough to fight for it," his father shouted angrily.

The man who would not go to war was tired.
Early he went to bed, and thought awhile
Of crops he planted; then in troubled sleep
War came to him. In dreams he saw a host
Of strangers on the sky-line. Rifles cracked
And red death fell on his beloved fields.
Land that his father gained from wilderness
Was plowed with shells. And in his dream he saw
His father, with his gray head bared to Death,
Stand on his door-step with his Country's flag
Waving defiance. Then his father fell
And the flag fell across his silent breast.
The house leaped into flame. His sister rushed
Out of the door and raised the flag again.
She fell and over her the flag. He saw
A flash of fire from the doorway. There
His brother stood, firing as steadily
As those who faced him. From behind him came
His mother—and again the flag was raised. . . .

And madly in the dream he broke the chains
That seemed to hold him and cried out in sleep
A battle-cry that echoed through the house.

His brother wakened and called out to him:
"What is the matter with you?" "Go to sleep,"
He answered him, "I'll tell you in the morning."

And in the morning he left for the town,
With fire in his eyes, to volunteer.

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THE PAVILION OF SAINT MERCI

By MARY HEATON VORSE

[A Short-Story]

NOTE: *The recent policy of The FORUM has been to present at least one strong piece of fiction in each issue. The following powerful story is in line with this policy. Stories by Achmed Abdullah, Sax Rohmer, and prominent authors will follow.*

WHEN Mrs. Trevor told the old woman in the concierge's lodge that they had come to look at the Pavilion of Saint Merci, she stared at her without speaking. Her frightened glance traveled from Emily Trevor to Eileen and on to Geoffrey Morrow.

Her face already pale turned to ashen color; terror seemed to have engulfed her.

The Trevors had come for no more sinister purpose than finding a house in a secluded quarter, and the Pavilion de Saint Merci in the garden behind the old Hôtel de Saint Merci in the still and ancient quarter back of the Pantheon seemed to speak to them of shelter and of peace.

Suddenly the old woman broke the silence and her voice had the terror of a frightened seagull.

"Who told you the Pavilion was for rent?" she shrilled, "Was it Guyon the agent who told you that?" The two women shrank back while Geoffrey Morrow answered:

"Certainly, why not?"

Here the old woman burst into a shrill fit of unpleasant laughter. She checked herself in the middle of it and said soberly and earnestly:

"Guyon had no right to tell you that. If he wished to tell you anything he should have told you what I told him. What that was I can't tell you. I told it to Guyon—that was enough."

She saw the look in the eyes of the two women, and suddenly gained control of herself.

"Madame forgive the vagaries of an old woman. I am

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not mad, I assure you, but the Pavilion has remained unrented for so long—that surprise seized me."

"Why has no one rented it?" asked Geoffrey. The old woman was silent a moment. It seemed as though she had entered into some fastness of her own spirit, as though she were debating some important problem. Then she replied steadily:

"The quarter is remote and there is but room for two people in the Pavilion."

"It is what my daughter and myself want—a small place," said Mrs. Trevor.

"Your daughter—" cried the old woman. "Madamoiselle is your *daughter!*"

The two women smiled; it was familiar ground for them and it had ceased to interest them that they were perpetually supposed to be sisters. Again the old woman's gaze traveled from one to the other, as though she were debating some deep problem, and suddenly she rose to her feet with an unexpected briskness.

"Allons!" she said, and it was as though she had made some momentous decision. She took her keys from an ancient secretary, smoothed her apron and preceded them into the garden.

A light mist shrouded the tops of the trees, whose trunks stood out green against the walls, which were gray where they were not laden with ancient ivy. Now and then a golden leaf floated down as gently as a dying moth.

At the far end of the garden stood the Pavilion de Saint Merci as though it had shrunk away as far as it could from the great and stern building which shut it off from the street. Among the ancient and moss-grown trees it had almost an air of frivolity, for the Hôtel de Saint Merci presented to the world a grim facade. It spoke of the fighting age, an age full of obligations to the Church and the State and the Family, while the Pavilion, though ancient and faded, seemed to embody the whim of youth. Close beside the Pavilion was a discreet and inconspicuous door which led to the side street. Plainly this door existed for the convenience

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of those who occupied the Pavilion, so that they might pass in and out unnoticed by the concierge of the hôtel. The concierge noticed that Geoffrey's eyes were on it and she said hastily:

"That door has not been used for many years, not since my grandfather's time. This door in the garden was left open the morning that young Edouard de Saint Merci was found on the floor of the Pavilion stabbed to death; since then the door has been closed firmly with bolts." And so curious was her way of saying this, so contemporaneous did she make it seem, that the two women looked at one another with something like apprehension—it seemed that only yesterday Edouard de Saint Merci might have been found dead within the Pavilion.

"Yes, yes!" went on the old woman, her troubled face darkening still further, "since that day the door to the garden has been bolted, and bolted it shall stay! Trouble always went in that door and trouble came out of it."

She fumbled with the key and threw the door wide open.

"Enter to the Pavilion de Saint Merci! Mesdames and Monsieur," she said. "No woman but myself has crossed this threshold for twenty-five years," and then, as though talking to herself, she nodded her head: "Yes, yes, twenty-five years! Yes, yes!"

From the ante-chamber they walked into the salon. The pale October sun shot a ray more silver than gold through the windows. The room itself seemed bathed in sunlight with the gilt of its mirrors and the yellow of its upholstery. Its furnishings were of the time of Napoleon and not the smallest object had been added since then. Its air of gaiety dispelled completely the discomfort of the scene. The old woman had recovered her serenity and prattled in homely fashion about the convenience of the place.

In spite of its threadbare aspect it had a curious air of recent occupancy; one was surprised not to see any vestige about of those who lived there. One expected a bit of needle-work, a book turned upside down, roses fading. So definite was this that it brought from Mrs. Trevor the exclamation:

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"Why, how extraordinary! The room only needs a fire lit to have a heart already."

"I keep it tended and aired," the old woman explained. And when Eileen said to her:

"It seems as if those who lived here might return at any moment," she replied:

"Perhaps they do. Who knows? I keep it in readiness." She turned and faced them. "Pardon, Mesdames, Monsieur," she said, "you must have thought my conduct more than strange, but as you asked for the Pavilion a flood of memories came over me—the memory of Monsieur Julien who brooded so many years here, and of Madame Paul and of all those in this family whom I have served—that it has unnerved me. My father and my grandfather before me served the Saint Mercis, and you and your daughter in some way reminded me of the ladies whom I knew so well. I am an old woman, Madame,—forgive me." She turned with a gesture full of kindness to Mrs. Trevor.

"I think," she said, "I know why you like this place in its seclusion. I think it made you feel a place burdened with the memories of others who would be kind to you."

And by the very kindness of her remark and the intimacy of it a relation of almost friendship was established between them; and it was decided before they left that she should work for them as *femme de menage*.

As they walked through the garden, Mrs. Trevor ahead with the concierge, Eileen turned to Geoffrey.

"I never saw Mother like anything so much since Father died,—to be so interested in anything. Usually after a scene like this she would have refused to look at the house at all."

Geoffrey nodded. He, too, had noticed that the quiet apathy which had surrounded Emily Trevor since Anderson's death had dropped from her and that she seemed to have reflected the radiance of the silver sunlight. He thought, too, how extraordinarily these women with their fragile grace fitted into the picture, as though the finding of the Pavilion de Saint Merci was but a homecoming. He had been trying

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for two years to dispel Emily's apathy, and he had seldom been able to. Now, of a sudden it had dropped from her like a cloak.

The first meal that he took with them intensified this impression. They fitted in as if they had always been living there. Mme. Etienne served the perfectly cooked dinner as though the Trevors were ladies of her own family. He wondered what it was that had happened to both of them, for if Emily had come shyly forth into life, Eileen appeared to him in the guise of a young woman, and this almost hurt him. It disturbed him and made him glad and yet, for her sake, pained him. He found it also curiously upsetting for he had always thought of her with the same tender impersonality that one feels for one's own child or one's sister.

The first week passed in lovely quiet, and yet a quiet that was curiously transforming to both women. It seemed to Geoffrey that each of them became more vivid and more lovable. It seemed that he had never known Eileen before and he threw himself into the excitement of this new friendship.

Emily was unconscious of their growing intimacy, until one afternoon Geoffrey and Eileen instead of coming in after a walk paced slowly up and down in the mellow spaces of the garden deep in talk. The place seemed bathed in yellow. The fallen sycamore leaves lay under foot like sunlight. A yellow cat walked sedately behind them. Emily had often watched them before as they walked up and down the garden, but to-day the sight of them turned her suddenly cold.

She saw Eileen turn her head toward Geoffrey and Geoffrey's tender gesture of response, and again fear clutched at her heart; and then suddenly from unknown depths in her came jealousy, which shook and frightened her. It was a sudden, quick emotion, a shuddering thing that carried with it almost hatred.

She recoiled from it shiveringly.

She had never been conscious of loving Geoffrey. She was not conscious of loving him now. She only knew he was a part of life itself and she knew also that this look of Eileen's was inimical to what meant life to her. She wondered if our

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hidden depths are like the depths of the sea, where monsters lie asleep and where also lie gray bones of things long dead.

All that was tender in her was revolted by what she felt, her own husband still lived daily in her memory. It was her habit to talk with Geoffrey as if Anderson were still living, as if only yesterday he had said so and so. And this sudden flash of jealousy shocked her as much as though Anderson had been still living, and she had found out that she loved Geoffrey also.

So, because she could not have lived with herself another moment had she believed herself jealous of her own daughter, she was forced to lie to herself.

"I should have thought about it before," she thought. "It would be a most unsuitable marriage,—most unsuitable. Eileen isn't ready for marriage. She's only nineteen and her character's not formed, and Geoffrey is twelve years older than she." She comforted herself: "Oh, well! there's nothing in it—I'll go out and get the whole thing out of my head."

"Eileen," she called, "I am going to make some visits. Will you come with me, dear?"

Eileen's eyes sought her mother's and the light went out of her face; and Geoffrey thought for the hundredth time how like they were, both creatures of light and shallow, what was stormy in Eileen's temper was made gentle in Emily by experience and understanding. As he stood there before them, it seemed to him that his heart enveloped both of them in an embrace, as if he looked at but one woman. They were both women of that poignant sort that melted a man's very heart, who made that man, who loved them, love them so that love became almost an anguish. Now Eileen answered her mother:

"I don't think I'll go to-day."

"Please, dear," Emily insisted gently.

"I don't think I'll go," the girl answered. Her brows made a stormy line across her face.

"I hate to go out alone," there was a little break in Emily's voice.

They stood facing each other and between them was the

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first definite conflict of wills that Geoffrey had ever witnessed, and his heart went out to Emily, and yet, there was something in Eileen's manner that moved him deeply. He knew well enough that she could not bear the thought to lose even a moment of their golden understanding that had suddenly blossomed between them. So for a moment, they stood both of them, Eileen defiant and Emily with so quenched a look in her face that Geoffrey wanted to put his arms around her and comfort her as he had the day when Anderson had died. Finally, Emily said:

"Very well, dear," and turned slowly away with the drooping look of someone deeply affected. The door closed behind her. Eileen turned on him a smile of flashing radiance.

"It's bad of me, but I can't care to-day. I can't care at all. Do you think it's wrong of me?" She had all her mother's wistfulness as though she were begging Geoffrey to understand, and suddenly he drew her to him. At this she drew her breath in swiftly and put her hand to her heart.

Her look and her gesture held so much joy and so much tenderness that in a moment Geoffrey was telling her that he had always loved her, even when she was a child, and that he had been waiting for her to grow up. So deep was his feeling that he forgot that it had been only within the last few days that he had thought of her as anything but a lovely child, or that his heart had beat at her approach. He had always been amused at her likeness to Emily and had thought how easy it would be to mix them up—then all at once he had seen her as if for the first time.

"I suppose I must have always loved you," Eileen said, "only I didn't know it for a long time. For a long time I did not think of you, some way, as exactly a man at all."

"That's flattering," said Morrow, "why not?"

"Well, I mean in the way you don't think of a relative as a man," Eileen explained, "you know, I had a curious idea about you——" She hesitated. Her delicate flush recalled Emily vividly to his mind, and her little air of embarrassment, as a child having been caught at something naughty, then she

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went on. "Well, without reasoning about it, I took it for granted—well, that you were Mother's, you know."

A curious pain contracted Geoffrey's heart. This thought touched some very deep place in him.

"You mean that you thought I cared for her?" and he was surprised that he found it difficult to ask this.

"Well, not exactly *cared*. I didn't think of it in those terms. It's just as I said before, that you just were *Mother's*. I didn't think about your being in love with her."

They had come into the Pavilion by now.

"But you aren't Mother's!" she cried, "you aren't! You're mine!

At that Geoffrey drew her all yielding toward him. They stood together in the enveloping light of the golden room.

"Do you know when I first began to think about you? It was when we first came here. Do you know, Geoffrey, when we first came in this house to see it, I had a sudden feeling of having been here before and been here before with you; and as though it was some lovely and disturbing memory. Ever since that time I have been trying to make you like me."

She took his hand in hers and shyly put her head on it. She came out all the way to him in tender passion and yet with such sweet shyness that he felt that any hasty gesture on his part would startle her into flight.

"Do you feel, Geoffrey," she asked him presently, "as if you had always been waiting for this moment, waiting for it for a long time, just for me to sit close against you?" And as Geoffrey truthfully from his heart answered:

"Yes," he answered, while his inner consciousness thought, that was just what Emily might have said to him, and with this thought something hurt him, yet he felt strangely released as though he had been living in the dark for a long time and had been strangely deceiving himself and that by not recognizing his love sooner he had been denying himself life.

"How do you think your mother will like it?" he asked Eileen. She turned her head in her graceful, startled way.

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"Why, she'll love it. We've all been so much together since Father died. And now, we'll always be together!" And suddenly she turned to him with imploring arms held out.

"Hold me close to you, Geoffrey! Don't let me go from you ever! When I said 'always' do you know what I felt? I felt—I felt as if it wasn't so."

"It wasn't so?" Geoffrey echoed stupidly.

"No, as if we had just had a beautiful moment and that was going to go as suddenly as it came." He held her to him and soothed her. She was shivering.

"Lovers always say such things. Lovers always think that what they feel is too beautiful to last."

"Oh, wouldn't it be an awful thing if she didn't like it?" she cried. She was silent, then with deep seriousness she said:

"If she did not like it, I tell you what we would do, Geoffrey. We'd just elope, wouldn't we?"

"Of course, we would!" Geoffrey cried.

"If Mother really didn't like it, would you marry me anyhow?" Eileen asked. This question smote him to the heart, and he knew then that in spite of his welling passion for Eileen he could never for one second do anything to darken Emily Trevor's life.

"Would you marry me if she didn't want you to?" he counter-questioned. She threw her arms about him with a fierce tenderness.

"I'd marry you in spite of anyone!" she cried, and then as if frightened of her own passion she released him and sat down across the room. The door opened and Emily came in.

"Now we can ask her," Geoffrey cried out joyously.

"Ask me what?" said Emily, enveloping them both in her lovely, baffling smile. A curious fear clutched at Geoffrey's heart, no power on earth could have made him say the words that came so lightly from Eileen's lips, as in a sweet and serious way she went to her mother and put her arms about her with an encompassing gesture as if to include her in her happiness.

"Ask you if you wouldn't be glad, dear, to have Geof-

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frey and me get married. That's why I was so bad," she went on pleadingly, "that's why I couldn't go with you. I thought Geoffrey might ask me to marry him if I stayed."

"I'm so glad," Emily found herself saying smoothly. "Dear Geoffrey! Dear Eileen!" Her eyes shone.

Madame Etienne came in with the lamp. She glanced with a sudden strange comprehension from one to the other, and over her old face there swept a look of sudden fear. She set the lamp down noisily and steadied herself at the table. Then she hurried away, and the manner of her going gave the sinister impression of someone escaping from an unbearable sight.

The three stood looking at each other searching for words; it was as if the room had grown dark and cold, as if a door had opened upon some chill and tragic spot, that from this enclosed and dark place had come some old miasma that obscured all the simple, happy things of life.

All color had ebbed slowly from Emily's face and had left it chalk-white but for the scarlet of her mouth and the dark of her frightened eyes; then, suddenly Eileen flung herself on Geoffrey's neck, sobbing.

"Oh, I can't bear to have this happen! Oh, I can't bear to have this happen—not to-day!" He soothed her with gentle impatience.

"Silly thing, silly child, nothing's happened,—what's happened, Eileen darling?" And Emily, at the sight of Eileen's tears, echoed Geoffrey's words:

"Nothing at all has happened, Eileen dear!" But Eileen still clung to Geoffrey, sobbing:

"I know, I know, it's nothing. It isn't anything, and yet, you know she saw when she came in how it was between us all; she *saw,* and it was as though it gave her," her voice faltered again, "as though it gave her—a horror!" Geoffrey shook her ever so slightly.

"Eileen," he said firmly, "you're absurd. The old thing felt faint, or something. Isn't it so, Emily?"

"Why of course it's so," Emily was quite tranquil now, "go upstairs, silly little girl, and wash your eyes. If any-

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body spoils this day for you, it'll be yourself; come on, we'll dress for dinner both of us. We'll put on the best things we have to celebrate."

When Madame Etienne announced, "Madame est servie," she too had dressed and she had set the table as though for guests. She smiled on them all in her usual friendly fashion.

"I permitted myself to send for a bottle of old wine," she told them. "You will wish to drink the health of Monsieur and Mad'moiselle, to-night, Madame, will you not?" By her manner she so completely ignored the scene of a moment before, that it was impossible to ask her if she had felt ill.

During the next days Eileen bloomed. There was a vividness in her joy that made people turn on the street to look at her, there was a quality about her that touched Geoffrey's heart and made Emily yearn over her, and which caused Madame Etienne to hover about her.

For herself, Emily had closed the door on her black half-hour. She told herself that she now accepted the whole thing fully, and that she had had merely a mother's reluctance in seeing her child go from her too soon. After all, she argued, who would make a better husband than Geoffrey, Anderson's tried friend, and her's? He had always seemed her contemporary, so that the idea at first held a strangeness for her.

Yet, as Eileen bloomed, Emily's new-found life seemed to ebb away. She longed for Anderson with a poignancy she hadn't known since the first days after his death. It seemed to her in her loneliness more than she could bear, to witness this young blossoming of love. It was as if in some vicarious way she shared every heart-beat of Eileen's, but that the sight of this love left her in a world of shadows, young yet, and living, but as though she in reality lived only with the dead.

She was cut off from life on all sides. If Eileen had loved someone else, she could have talked with Geoffrey and she needed intensely the sympathy which she couldn't demand

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from him. In their happiness they were so deeply cruel. They were so oblivious of what memories the sight of them must arouse in her, and into what a deep gulf of loneliness the ever present spectacle of their love plunged her.

Between her and Mme. Etienne there grew some strange sympathy. More than once she surprised the old woman's gaze resting on her tenderly, as though she would mutely say, "I know, I know, I understand," and sometimes it seemed as though there was almost fear in this gaze.

After a time she found herself in a curious mood of suspense as though she were waiting for something to happen, and this mood communicated itself at last to Eileen. They were sitting together in the dusk and suddenly Eileen asked:

"What are you waiting for?"

"Nothing," Emily answered, a startled note in her voice.

"You seemed as though you were waiting for someone," Eileen insisted.

"No, I'm just listening," Emily surprised herself by acknowledging.

"Listening to what?"

"Listening to the past mostly, I think. Since we came here you know it's as if I heard them—the people who lived here before—talking more loudly all the time." Eileen jumped abruptly to her feet.

"I wish you wouldn't say such things! I wish you wouldn't feel such things!" What right has the past to come and put its dead hand into the present? It isn't fair of you!" She spoke with passion and with anger.

"Eileen!" cried Emily. She too arose to her feet. They stood facing each other, strangely alike, and for a moment infinitely hostile. The moment held terror for both of them; and Geoffrey as he came in found them confronting each other. Emily dropped limply in a chair.

"Why, Emily dear," he asked, "aren't you well?"

"Of course she's well; aren't you?" Eileen answered for her. She stood over her mother in an attitude of young

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ruthlessness, "Aren't you well?" she demanded, and then to Geoffrey:

"Why shouldn't she be well?" Very white, Emily answered like a gentle echo,

"Of course I'm well. Why shouldn't I be?"

"You see!" Eileen cried in triumph. "You see!"

"Eileen!" Geoffrey said sternly, "I think you're cruel,—cruel and thoughtless! Emily *isn't* well, she hasn't been the same for days. I don't know what's wrong, but it's as if life's been ebbing away drop by drop from her—and we've not noticed. What's the matter, Emily? Emily, dear, what's the matter?" But Emily, at the sound of his sympathy and understanding, had closed her eyes and difficult tears slid down her cheeks.

Eileen stood watching Geoffrey and her mother, her eyes narrowing, her face hardening with all the hardness of affronted youth.

"*Cruel!*" she said again. Her voice dropped into a tone of low menace. "No one shall speak like that to me!" Geoffrey's back was toward her, while he wiped Emily's tears away and patted her hand murmuring:

"Don't, Emily,—don't dear,——"

"Do you hear?" Eileen went on; her voice was like the edge of a knife, "*No one shall speak to me like that——!*"

"Yes, I hear you," Geoffrey answered without turning his head, "I hear you making a scene while your mother's suffering!"

Eileen stood as if seeing them for the first time, examining them with dreadful scrutiny. Slowly her face set, she looked old, older than Emily, and then very slowly she walked from the room.

"Eileen," her mother called, "Eileen, don't go!"

"Very well," she answered, "I'll get the lamp from Madame Etienne, I think, I don't want her coming in looking at us as though she'd seen ghosts." She brought back the lamp and set it down with even precision.

"For heaven's sake," Geoffrey cried, "what's this all about? What a tempest over nothing!"

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"I didn't make the tempest," came Eileen's hard little voice.

"Well, dear, you unmake it then," he conciliated.

"You can't unmake things that have happened," she gave back sharply.

"Eileen," her mother implored, "anybody can unmake anything by just being good enough." She looked around helplessly. "Where did it all come from,—this storm?"

"Where, indeed?" Eileen inquired. There was in her voice disdain and in the glance she cast at her mother, suspicion.

"I'm going to dress for dinner now," she said and left them. It was only when Eileen had gone that Emily noticed that Geoffrey still held her hand, and that in its warmth there was immense solace.

"It's nothing, Geoffrey, really nothing," she assured him, "just shadows. Sometimes I get enclosed in the sad house of myself and I can't cry for help."

"Not even to me, when you know I'm always there, Emily?" He was profoundly shocked and wounded. "Why not?"

"I don't know why—I just can't, that's all." They were silent a moment, then Emily said with a tender little smile:

"I know just how Eileen feels. I know it as though I were Eileen herself. I used to be like that, too, Geoffrey, when I was young—glittering and hard sometimes when anything interfered with what I wanted, even if it was only a mood I wanted."

"I don't believe it, Emily, you were never as unkind in all your life."

"Hush, Geoffrey," she warned him. "Hush, you mustn't say things like that."

"I can't bear to have her thoughtless—I won't have you hurt, Emily. No one shall hurt you, Emily—not even for a moment." There was a savage tenderness in his voice, and even though she again warned him with—"Hush, Geoffrey," his championship of her was immeasurably sweet.

Dinner was a resolute and painstaking ignoring of all

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that occurred, a certain keeping up of appearances for the sake of Madame Etienne, though at each little overture of tenderness on Geoffrey's part Eileen became rigid. She talked gaily and seemed to take a malicious delight in erecting an impenetrable wall between herself and Geoffrey.

When Emily went early to bed and left them, Geoffrey went over to Eileen and would have taken her in his arms. He sensed that behind her wall of hardness and of gaiety she was suffering profoundly.

"Eileen," he said, "don't do this to you and to me. I know what's happening to you, behind this shining hardness of yours."

"What's that?" she asked him.

"Well, it's as if behind this rampart of yours, your soul's softening itself into everything that's made your mother all softness and kindness and understanding." At this she arose very softly and deliberately.

"Goodnight, Geoffrey dear," she said, "mother, as you've pointed out, isn't well and I'm going up to take care of her."

"Don't go like that—not in that mood," he implored, "at least kiss me good-night, Eileen."

"No, not to-night, I think," she said after deliberate consideration of the question.

"Then at least let me kiss you in kindness." She came toward him submissively and turned him a cool cheek, and it seemed to Geoffrey as if he was kissing a stranger. He left, furious that he had to relinquish Emily to Eileen's uncomprehending hardness; yet his heart was rent for Eileen, for he knew she was suffering, although he couldn't understand why, and still his instinct was of service and help as it had always been to her and to Emily.

During the next days Eileen treated him with deliberate and cruel perversity. She agreed to every suggestion of his, and all the time held herself mockingly inaccessible, but the thing that kindled in him a smoldering anger was that she was as hard to Emily as she was to him. She made many engagements with friends of hers which excluded them both.

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Left alone with Emily he felt himself solaced by her kindness, her unspoken sympathy bathed the wounds of his spirit. They permitted themselves no discussion of the situation. Once he asked Emily:

"Do you know what's the matter?" And her only answer was to shake her head, and her only consolation was:

"It's a mood that will pass, Geoffrey."

It was that afternoon that Mme. Etienne came to Emily.

"Madame," she said and in her tone there was a deep seriousness, "Paris is not agreeing with Mad'moiselle. This often happens to Americans in this northern climate. When my lady entertained many Americans, I heard them say that they were unaccustomed to the slanting rays of the northern sun. Pardon, Madame, but in Madame's place I would take Mad'moiselle to the Midi at once—it would also suit Madame—there was a time when Madame herself seemed ill to me." She looked at Emily and her old eyes held warning and sadness and fear.

When Geoffrey came in for tea, Emily told him of this conversation.

"When Eileen comes home," she suggested, "take her out and talk to her about it. You know Mme. Etienne almost frightened me—— She looked as she did the first day——"

"But you're better, Emily," said Geoffrey, "you've been looking a lot better in spite of the strain of things—and all that's the matter with Eileen is her infernal obstinacy. I'll take her out, though, and talk to her about going away, if you want me to."

They were not gone long. When they came in Eileen went to her room and Geoffrey joined Emily in the salon. The strained look that had been in his face was gone. He stood silently before Emily for a moment as if waiting for her to speak.

"What's happened, Geoffrey?" she asked him gently.

"She doesn't love me any more—she's broken with me—and I—Emily, I'm glad! I'm glad! I never loved her, I suppose I thought of you as belonging to Anderson forever; and Eileen was so like you—but it's you, Emily—it's always

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been you, and you needed me—as I needed you! I've been loving you through Eileen and I didn't know it until the day she hurt you. Oh, Emily, she doesn't love me—she doesn't love me—she doesn't love me at all—she had the instinct of youth toward love and toward me, but it wasn't me, it never was me, and it never was Eileen! I loved her when she was like you, but when she was like herself, I felt as if I were in an alien country where forever I should be homesick for the thing I love. With her I should have died of homesickness, Emily—for home."

And at each of Geoffrey's words Emily's soul rejoiced. It seemed to her she'd been living in darkness and shadow and at last had come out into the sunlight. She passionately wanted to believe it was true that Eileen never cared, and so she did believe it, and for one golden moment, they stood with their hands clasped, looking into each other's eyes. Then there was a little rustle and the noise of a door closing.

"What was that!" Emily whispered—silence—there was not a sound in the whole house.

They stood staring at each other, possessed by a strange feeling of guilt. Then suddenly—

"Eileen!" cried Emily—her voice echoed horribly through the silent house. They stared at each other, and instead of the love that had been in their eyes, they looked at each other like frightened conspirators.

They could not find words to break through the haunted silence and for a moment they seemed deprived of action, unable to face the meaning of that little rustle and the closing of the door. At last—

"Do you think she was there?" Emily whispered.

Geoffrey didn't know. He stood still as though frozen with the fear that had gripped his heart. Then came the sound of rapid footsteps and Madame Etienne threw herself into the room.

"Madame, Madame," she cried, "Mad'moiselle has gone! She ran hatless into the street—through the little door—the bolts had rusted, and I ran after her. She fled like something demented down the street—Oh, God!—she

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looked like Mme. Paul when she fled down the garden path from the Pavilion. It's my fault," she went on, her voice rising to a shriek, "it's my fault; the Pavilion of Saint Merci is a house accursed, and so has always been. It distils from its walls some venom which poisons the spirit. No one who has youth can live within it. I have known it to kill their souls and their faith in everything which made life dear to them. Its poison is jealousy and it has poisoned you. I saw you die of jealousy of your child. I saw her face grow white for jealousy of you—and now your life together is destroyed! It was as though you have one common fountain of life which both of you could not use and she has gone. Never any more—never any more, can love come between the three of you——"

They stood a second frozen, looking at each other as though from some immense distance.

"Emily," Geoffrey cried.

She raised her hand in a gesture of passionate dissent.

"Come," she cried to Madame Etienne. "We must look for her together."

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THE MUSIC OF MAGIC

By SAX ROHMER

[AUTHOR OF "THE ROMANCE OF SORCERY," "FUMANCHU" "THE SI-FAN MYSTERIES," ETC.]

I

THE earliest ritual known to man is a musical ritual, and the importance of music in those rites and ceremonies which may be classed, for convenience, under the head of Magic, is a subject worthy of a more exhaustive examination than any student has hitherto cared to attempt. It may well be, in fact, the Triple Key to the gate of sardonyx, guarding Persephone's pomegranate groves.

One must step warily in any exploration, here, for deep places abound, and the Pipes of Pan are no mere poetical figure. The pipe, indeed, is an instrument whose history is indissolubly bound up with that of Magic, black and white. Does not Perstegan tell us how a certain musician, dressed fantastically, came into the town of Hamel, in the country of Brunswick and offered, for a certain sum of money, to rid the place of the rats by which it was infested? Robert Browning has made the legend immortal.

Nightly, from the Nile, to this hour, arise the weirdly sweet notes of just such a pipe as we see in the ancient sculptures, and this pipe was the forerunner of the modern oboe. In Egyptian and Greek sculpture and paintings it may be traced from the earliest times; and the Kensington Museum contains numerous specimens from Arabia, China and India. The voice of the oboe speaks to that within us which is kin of the shadows, which dimly remembers the past; it is, fittingly, this most ancient of all instruments which enjoys the privilege of giving the pitch to the violin in the orchestra; if man, in the Golden Age when the world was young and gods walked in the pleasant groves, had not devised this magic pipe, then human ears had never known the *Lament for Adonis,* which may be played upon no other instrument. Princely, above players on the magic reed, towers the immortal Chibiabos, of whom Longfellow sings.

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The lyre, of course, cannot be neglected, if only by reason of its association with Orpheus. For was it not the wondrous invention of Hermes which Apollo bestowed upon his son, that moved man and beast, the birds in the air, the fishes in the deep, the trees and the rocks? But perhaps no instrument is so generally associated with magical ritual as the *Sistrum*. Plutarch describes a *Sistrum* thus: "The *Sistrum* is rounded above, and the loop holds the four bars which are shaken. On the bend of the *Sistrum* they often set the head of a cat with a human face; below the four little bars, on one side is the face of Isis, on the other side that of Nephthys." In no temple do we find such prominence given to the holy *Sistrum* as in the Sanctuary of The Temple of Hathor at Dendera; but unfortunately we are reduced to mere surmise in any attempt to trace the history of this instrument. That it possessed a special significance, and particularly in relation to Hathor, is evident. Was its form modeled on that of the *Ankh?*—was the latter symbol based on the *Sistrum?*—or is the resemblance no more than accidental?

Research along these lines invariably leads us to a cul-de-sac; but that everything connected with the Ancient Egyptian religion had a deep symbolic meaning, we know. Thus certain chapters of the *Book of the Dead* having reference to the heart, were written upon gems and served as amulets; the 26th upon Lapis-lazuli, the 27th upon Green Felspar, the 29th upon Carnelian, and the 30th upon Serpentine. Professor Ebers has elucidated this mystery for us, but that of the *Sistrum* remains, to taunt the inquirer.

In Chapter V of the same great ritual, "The Chapter whereby work may not be imposed in the Netherworld," we find the "Saluter" shown in the papyri as an Ape saluting the rising of the sun. That, in their selection of an Ape in this connection, the unknown compilers of the *Book of the Dead* may have been guided by a sound knowledge of natural history is suggested by Le Page Renouf in one of his notes. "I do not know," he says, "how far it is correct to illustrate this undoubted origin of the Egyptian name for the Apes, as

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'The Saluting One,' by the following extract of a letter to Cuvier from M. Duvancelle, about the Siamang apes in the neighborhood of Bencoolen in Sumatra:

"They assemble in numerous troops . . . and thus united, they salute the rising and setting sun with the most terrific cries, which may be heard at the distance of many miles; and which, when near, stun, when they do not frighten. This is the morning call of the mountain Malays, but to the inhabitants of the town, who are unaccustomed to it, it is a most insupportable annoyance."

According to the Ancient Egyptian belief, of course, the "Saluters" of the rising sun were neither real apes nor men, but the "Spirits of the East," who, as we are told in an inscription on the tomb of Rameses VI, "effect the rising of Râ by opening the door of each of the four portals of the eastern horizon of heaven. They it is who light him on both sides, and go forth in advance of him . . . and when he arises they turn into six cynocephali."

First in fame among saluters of the dawn we must place the Vocal Memnon, once the wonder of the ancient world, owing to the sound which it was said to emit every morning at the rising of the sun. Like its fellow statue, it was a monolith; but, it is conjectured, it was partially thrown down by the earthquake of B. C. 27, to which Eusebius attributes the destruction of so many of the monuments of Thebes. The repairs were made in the reign of Septimus Severus. No record exists of the sound which made the statue so famous, having been made while the statue was entire. Strabo, who visited it with Ælius Gallus, Governor of Egypt, speaks of the "upper part" having been "broken and hurled down by the shock of an earthquake," and says that he heard the sound but could "not affirm whether it proceeded from the pedestal or from the statue itself, or even from some of those who stood near its base; for the cause being uncertain, I am disposed to believe anything rather than that stones thus erected could emit such a sound."

It would appear, from his not mentioning the name of Memnon, that it was not yet supposed to be the statue of the son of Tithonus. But ere long the Roman visitors, misled

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by the sound of the name Amonothes or Amenophis, ascribed it to Memnon, who was said to have led a host from Ethiopia to the siege of Troy; and a multitude of inscriptions (the earliest in the reign of Nero, and the most recent in that of Septimus Severus) testify to its miraculous powers.

Pliny calls it the statue of Memnon, and Juvenal thus refers to it:

"Dimidio magicæ resonant ubi Memnone chordæ."

Various opinions exist among modern critics as to whether the sound emitted by this statue and which one writer describes as resembling "the breaking of a harp-string" and another "the ring of metal," was the result of a natural phenomenon or of priestly craft. Some authorities maintain that the action of the rising sun upon the cracks in the stone, moist with dew, caused the peculiar sound to be produced; whilst others declare that it was a trick of the priests, one of whom hid himself in the statue, and struck a metallic sounding stone concealed there. The chief arguments in favor of this last view are, that such a stone still exists in the lap of the statue, with a recess cut in the block immediately behind it, capable of holding a person screened from below, and the circumstance that the sound was heard twice or thrice repeated by important personages, such as the Emperor Hadrian. An inscription states that, rejoicing (at the presence of the Emperor) it "uttered a sound a third time." "The fact, however," observes one critic, "of there being no record of the sounds having been heard when the statue was entire or after it was repaired, is very much in favor of their having been produced by the action of the hot sun on the cracks in the cold stone; similar phenomena being by no means uncommon." Without intruding any personal bias of my own, I will place in the opposite scale a passage from *A Descent Into Egypt:*

"The undecorated magnificence of the desert remains unknown, just as the proportions of pyramid and temple, of pylons and Colossi approach the edge of the mind, yet never enter it. All stand outside, clothed in this prodigious measurement of the past. And the old beliefs not only share this titanic effect upon the consciousness, but carry it stages further . . . the silent-footed natives in their colored

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robes move before a curtain, and behind that curtain dwells the soul of Ancient Egypt—watching, with sleepless eyes of gray infinity."

The occult employment of bells, of course, dates to remote antiquity. The *Sistrum* we have already noted; whilst the Jewish high-priests wore golden bells attached to their vestments. The date of the introduction of bells into the Christian Church is not known; but bells are associated in various ways with the ancient ritual of the Church, and at one time they acquired quite a sacred character. They were consecrated by a complete Baptismal service; received names, had sponsors, were sprinkled with water, anointed, and finally covered with a white garment or crison, like infants. This usage is as old as the time of Alcuin and is still practised in Roman countries.

Bells had usually pious inscriptions upon them, indicative of the widespread belief in the mysterious virtue of their sound. They were believed to disperse storms and pestilence, drive away enemies, and extinguish fires; whilst among singular ceremonies recorded to have taken place in old St. Paul's in London, was the "Ringinge the hallowed belle in great tempestes or lighteninges."

Perhaps no legend of the golden youth of Mother Earth holds more of primeval truth and bears more directly upon the magical in music than the story of the Sirens. In the conflict between these nymphs and Orpheus we perceive a deeper allegory underlying the merely poetic one: the triumph of White music over Black. By means of the Triple Key we may unlock a treasure house hidden deep below the surface of Homeric legend. Between Circe's isle and Scylla they dwelt, Ligeia, Leukosia, and Parthenope; and of the song they sang, Mr. Compton Leith, in a passage of mystical significance, conceived in incomparably beautiful prose, has written:

"They sang the splendid wells of color, that tremble and change in their deeps, the blue at the hearts of great sapphires, the crimson in the poppy's cup at twigilht, the wine of lonely isles. They praised the tongue of the beacon's lapping at the darkness, as the lit pines of Ida above Troy fallen, the path of the moon over the sea, and the world's end, and the voids beyond the world. They sang of the unas-

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cended heights, of mountains indignant of tamed life from the beginning of remembrance, of the beauty of lithe beasts that range free over the earth, the fawn bounding above the thicket, the panther instant upon the prey. Of the eagle in the height they sang, and the rhythm of wings in the sauve air; of divine unguarded spaces and the pure zones of starlight. Their song was also of tumultuous things, of the tempests sounding in the gorges, and of the wind upon the neck of the moaning forest. Then, fierce for men's deliverance, they praised the impassioned life, the foregoing of the wild will on its course, the tracts of infinity overgone. In quick notes of challenge, or lingering notes of tenderness, they awakened yearnings vast as a god's desire. They sang of slaveries redeemed, and brave revolts, and fate confronted in the high splendor of disdain."

Throughout the history of the nations, and at this present day, we come upon stray fragments of the profound mystery of music. Thus according to *The Magus,* a certain lengthy ceremonial having been performed, "there will appear infinite visions, apparitions, phantasms, etc. . . . beating of drums, and the sound of all kinds of musical instruments," whilst another ancient writer tells us that a "drum made of the skin of the Rocket Fish drives away all creeping things at whatever distance it is heard." It was the blast of seven trumpets of ram's horn that encompassed the fall of Jericho, and the blast of Heimdal's trumpet that awoke the Seven Sons of Mimer. The significance of the number, *Seven,* need not be touched upon here; it will be well known to students of occult phenomena, and is an essential factor of the mystery of music. Apollo himself appears, in the opening of the *Iliad,* as the instructor of bards and the god of song, playing upon the *Seven-stringed lyre.*

Again,—a Moslem is rarely heard whistling, and never at night, since the evil *ginn* are supposed to be attracted by such music. On the other hand, if a woman become possessed of the *ginn* known as the *Sâr,* the fact is immediately made known to the neighbors—"*'Aleha es-sâr!*" Women and girls stream to the house of the sick person and are treated to *bûzah,* the half-fermented Arab beer. Songs are sung, and drums beaten; and the *sâr dance* is danced—the women placing themselves in a squatting posture, their limbs bent under them, and rocking the upper part of the body and the heads—as in the *zikrs.* Some are immediately

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seized with frenzy, and leap frantically about. All the proceedings are under the superintendence of the *Sheikha* of the *sâr,* who is a medium.

When she is in a state of ecstacy she is questioned as to the means to be employed to drive out the *sâr.* The cure usually consists in a thick silver finger-ring of the kind made by the Bishareen Arabs, sometimes also bracelets and anklets; and as soon as the rapacious *sâr* is satisfied with this the cure is regarded as complete.

Like the tarantella, the *sâr-dance* is contagious. One woman after another in the company leaps up and seems to begin dancing involuntarily, and boys, and even men, who are occasionally admitted to these orgies, are affected in the same way. The features of some become altered, they strike their own faces, knock their heads against a wall, weep, howl, and try to strangle themselves, being often difficult to restrain; they seemingly become possessed, sometimes by the *sâr* himself. They are asked for what they crave, and are shown a silver ring, some henna paste, or *bûzah.* They fix a furious glance upon the offerings, seize them suddenly with wild haste, put on the ring, clutch the henna paste to their bosoms or gulp the *bûzah.* With this, the *sâr* is, as a rule, appeased, the one possessed wipes off the perspiration, and now becomes restored to reason.

Something very similar is recounted by the French traveler, the Abbé Huc, of the curative employment by the Lamas of Tibet, of musical instruments. He writes, in *Travels in Tartary:*

> "The ceremony began at eleven o'clock at night. The Lamas ranged themselves at the back of the tent, armed with bells, tambourines, conch shells, and other noisy instruments. The Tartars of the family, to the number of nine, closed the circle in front, crouched on the ground; the old woman—the possessed—was on her heels in front of the doctor, who had before him a large copper basin, filled with grains of millet and little images of paste. Some sods of burning argol threw a lurid and fantastic light on this strange scene."

At a given signal, the orchestra performed an overture "capable of frightening the most intrepid devil"; the secular assistants beating time with their hands to the charivari of

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the instruments and the howling of the prayers." "When this infernal music was over, the chief Lama opened his book of exorcisms, scattering the millet seed around as he proceeded." Sometimes he spoke in stifled, hollow tones, sometimes he raised his voice to a loud pitch, and abandoning the rythmical measure of the prayers, appeared to throw himself into a violent passion, and addressed warm and animated appeals, with much gesticulation, to the evil spirit. Following this terrible exorcism, he gave a signal—the Lamas thundered out a noisy chorus in rapid measure; the instruments crashed and blared, "and the members of the family rushed out in file, and made the circuit of the tent, striking it violently with stakes, and uttering cries to make one's hair stand on end. They then rushed in again, and resumed their places, hiding their faces with their hands." Finally the grand Lama rose, and set fire to an image into which, by virtue of the exorcism, the evil spirit had been cast; as the flame rose he uttered a loud cry,which was repeated by all the assistants, who then seized on the burning devil, and bore it to a distant spot.

Soon afterwards the whole party issued tumultuously from the tent, everyone holding in his hand a kindled torch, and surrounding the old woman, supported on each side by two members of her family; the Lamas followed, "making night hideous with their horrible music." The patient was taken to a neighboring tent; the Lama physician having decreed that a whole month must elapse before she returned to her former habitation.

In conclusion, since space forbids our following this fascinating subject further, I may mention that there is a poetical legend among the Moors to the effect that the flowers of mullein and mothwart will fall from their stalks at the playing of the *Mizmoune*.

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CHANT ROYAL OF THE ROYAL CITY

By THOMAS GRANT SPRINGER

MOVE on, majestic queen, and ne'er retreat,
Time is your friend and not your enemy;
Add to your kingdom surely, street by street,
And from your growing subjects take Life's fee.
Draw their heart's blood and mix it with your own
And on their fallen dust set high your throne
As bit by bit the coral island grows
Above the sea that all about it flows
Until above the sea of Time you loom,
So firmly built you scorn its undertows,
Eternity alone shall sound your doom.

We count your mightly pulses steady beat
That throb each day with mightier majesty.
More regally each coming dawn you greet
And set the past behind you rigidly.
The flowers of yesterday, then fully blown,
Their magic seed in this day's dawn have sown
And now, today, their breath of fragrance throws
Though thorns have spiked the stem of each of those.
Queen, strip each thorn, inhale the rich perfume,
And as your beauty to perfection blows
Eternity alone shall sound your doom.

Each hour to you must bear a blossom sweet
To yield its honey to the delving bee
That stores your hive. The flowers that star the wheat
Sweeten the bread your harvesters will free.
Though foul may be the land where they are grown
They draw the richness of the soil alone;
When bursts the wheat or buds to flower unclose
No hint of foulness fruit or blossom knows;

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So, rising like a flower from your sin's gloom,
As from the garden loom springs up the rose,
Eternity alone shall sound your doom.

This is Time's morning, nothing is complete
As yet, and always to'rd futurity
The crowd moves ever on with eager feet
Path-making to tomorrow as now we
Break ours today with laughter or with moan,
Strew dust or crush the e'er resisting stone,
But at our backs the beaten roadway shows
Where steadily Improvement's army goes—
The foremost warrior wears your royal plume
And as your banner on the breezes flows
Eternity alone shall sound your doom.

So in triumphant car you hold your seat
While on it rolls, whatever change may be,
Drawn by the prancing steeds of Progress fleet
The while we clear the way and shadows flee.
Unconsciously we give you flesh and bone,
Our labored breathing is an undertone
To your triumphant song that shakes your foes
While in the van your royal emblem glows
As the advancing steed, reined, fret and fume,
Forever moving, never in repose,
Eternity alone shall sound your doom.

ENVOI

Sovereign, your praise in song who can repeat?
I choose the form alone that I deem meet
To sing it in. 'Tis faint from want of room
And only this refrain glows with true heat—
Eternity alone shall sound your doom.

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CADET SCHOOLS OF BUSINESS

THE TRAIL HENRY L. DOHERTY HAS BLAZED]

By HENRY GIBBONS

EFFICIENCY—which might be called common sense—is being put more and more into American business. The hit-and-miss methods of ten years ago have given place to finely-molded organizations. The demand for trained men—trained in a specific way—never was greater. First, American business realized its need of them. Then it waited for them to turn up. Now it is making them itself—by " cadet schools."

The need for such schools is obvious. The graduate of technical institutes, schools of chemistry, of mines, graduates of commercial schools and the general colleges is not a trained man. He has merely learned the theory of the specific profession or occupation; he has done a little shop and field work. He has received his tools. The next thing is to learn how to use the tools. Give a mechanical engineer with no practical experience the best materials to build a bridge and he'll botch the job. Give the same man with practical experience the worst materials and he'll do an acceptable job.

Henry L. Doherty, the Wall Street banker, public utility expert, scientist and second largest producer of refinable oil, has blazed the trail for the Cadet School idea. Mr. Doherty started out in life as a newsboy on the streets of Columbus, Ohio. He is a graduate of the University of Hard Knocks. He has received every phase of practical training and is in a position to appreciate the value thereof. Consequently he is eminently fitted to blend theory and practice not only to the interest of his own vast enterprises but to the substantial benefit of his employees.

Big Business of America wants to assure the future of its organizations. It wants to develop men on whom it can rely to carry on organization work efficiently. It wants

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to have trained men on tap—men whom it can put into new companies, ever being organized.

Such men are developed by the cadet schools of the Henry L. Doherty Company. This concern operates two hundred utility properties in the United States and Canada—gas, electricity, oil properties. It also has its own selling organization for marketing the securities of these companies. This organization depends upon the ability of its producing companies to make money. These companies are dependent upon the men they employ. It was the Doherty plan to absolutely assure their companies being in the hands of trained men. So they formed a "cadet school"—the first and only engineering cadet school in this country.

It began in 1906. Technical schools were canvassed. Graduates were offered positions in one of the Doherty properties, the Denver Gas & Electric Light Company. They were told that they would receive from sixty to seventy-five dollars a month while they were in the cadet school. After that they would be advanced rapidly, for the very good reason that the company needed them. About thirty graduates of engineering schools were taken. That was the first engineering cadet school. Today the same company has opened another in Toledo and a third in Bartlesville, Oklahoma, developing their men to look after its oil properties.

Rarely are the talks of Henry L. Doherty made public. From a friend in the organization who heard him speak to his Toledo cadets I am able to present his method of instilling "pep" into cadets. To them he said: "I believe every engineer should have experience in actual business getting, in putting to work some of the ideas he has stored up in his brain through long years at college. You know, boys, we study too much and think too little. The man in the selling game has to think, think straight and think quickly, and I know of no better experience than to have a try at the actual selling of goods. If you make a marked success as a salesman there is hardly a job you would afterwards tackle that you could not finish successfully, on account of the experience you have gained in the field of salesmanship.

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"What things in men contribute most to their success? I have figured it out like this:

"First. Ability to get along with other people. A man who has mastered that faculty has the one great essential to success.

" Second. Ability to think, and to think straight. A lot of men are crammed full of knowledge but don't know how to use it. That is exactly the reason you are in the cadet course. You have the technical knowledge, you have the tools for service, and now we propose to give you a chance to sharpen them on the wheel of actual experience.

" There are a lot of things I think ought to be said to you boys just starting out in life. I have not read them in books. I have culled them from actual experience after a lot of hard work.

" Don't ever lose your temper. The hardest thing I ever had to do was to control my temper. My brother is carrying marks today as proof of the fact that I have lost my temper at times. The other man in the argument has you at his mercy, once he has your goat, because you have lost your temper. The man who can keep even tempered and smile under all conditions is the valuable man we want.

" If you ask me for an axiom to guide you in your every-day life and work, I would simply say make a better friend of every man with whom you come in contact.

" The valuable man to us or to any other company is the man who can do a thing that no one else can do. Many a man believes it foolish to train the man under him so he can do his work. We want only the man big enough to train his understudy to do his work, as that is the only stepping stone he has to a bigger job.

" Don't do things that anyone else can do. That is, remember that some of these men who are always busy are busying themselves with a mass of detail work that some-body else can do. If I want something done give me a busy man, for he always has time for important things, but you never see him filling his time and desk with anything that anyone else can do.

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"Another important thing is never to do the thing most apparent until you are sure it is the most important thing. Life is full of things that apparently are the best things for you to do, but do not run heedlessly or hastily into them until you take time to think whether those are the things most important for you to do."

Mr. Doherty enumerated at some length the list of men now high in the Doherty ranks who graduated from the cadet schools, and he took pride in the fact that the Doherty organization supported three schools where students learned not so much from books as they did from actually rubbing up against the world, and often at its hard places.

"Somebody asked me if I was a college man and I laughingly remarked that I was a sort of super-president of three universities, in Toledo, Denver and Bartlesville," said Mr. Doherty, who held the attention of the young men as he narrated the story of his own education, which he said came largely from catalogs. While other boys were in the grammar school he had to be out hustling for a living, and all he learned he had to get for himself. Often, he said, he learned more from the so-called illiterate men than he did from the educated ones.

"Don't get the idea because a man is illiterate that he is ignorant. Our works superintendent at Columbus in the early days could not read or write, but it took our general manager two years to find it out, and he was a liberal education to me because he actually knew things from experience, and had his own novel way of imparting information."

Mr. Doherty paid a high tribute to a college education, and impressed upon all the cadets that if they could now learn to put to work all they had learned, the Doherty company would have places for them just as rapidly as they showed they were able to fill them.

For the far-sighted college graduate the cadet proposition is attractive. He is taught how to convert his theoretical knowledge into dollars, and while he is being taught, he is being paid. When he has been developed into a trained man, he knows that there is a good place waiting for him. Of

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the thirty cadets in 1910 five are already superintendents of big properties. Five out of thirty have climbed the ladder incredibly fast. In other words, the companies who have these cadet schools are sincere about it. They make good on their promises to the cadet if he has ability.

The cadet school at Denver takes the college graduate right into the plant. It makes him put on cap and overalls. He goes into the boiler room, the gas house, the dynamo room. If the regular employees in the gas works report for duty at seven o'clock in the morning, he reports, too. There is no favoritism in a cadet school, because he is a college graduate. The idea is to teach him to be sympathetic with the men who put in long days at so much per hour. With them he helps keep the gas free of sulphur and ammonia. Some day the company expects the cadet to be in charge of these very men.

When he has learned everything about the practical working of a gas plant, he goes into the electric generating station. Often he goes to work taking apart a machine late Saturday night, never stopping for forty hours except to eat, so that machine may be repaired and reassembled and ready for Monday night's load. He shovels coal, oils machinery, makes sketches and blue prints for the engineer in charge. In a few months he gets a pretty good idea of the practical working of an electric generating station.

By actual work, shoulder to shoulder, with the men who do this kind of labor—he understands it. He repairs electric wires in a storm, reads meters, repairs meters and gas ranges and works on the construction of gas mains or electric power transmissions. Then after he has had all this practical experience, he goes into the engineer's office. There he works over building designs, maps, and figures out practical problems in distribution of power. He has learned how to apply his theories. He can now create something to be sold. But he is not through; he has only begun. He is now ready to learn through service.

Upon public service are companies such as this founded and every precaution is made to serve well and conciliate that

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public. Which is again where the cadet school comes in. There is a superintendent in the Doherty organization who passed through all the training I have obtained. He knew the business inside out. He knew what charges were just, and why—because he knew the cost of labor and materials; in the offices and shops, as a cadet, he had worked in these things. He knew too when a householder's gas or electric appliance needed repair and why; he knew when a meter was out of order and running up the consumer's bills too high—for in these things, too, he had worked.

There came into his office in one of the Middle Western cities an irate customer. "I refuse to pay these bills. They are exorbitant." The woman was wealthy, but not the shiftless type to be imposed upon. The superintendent listened to her grievance. He checked up her current bills for gas with her bills for a year back that she had brought. He developed the fact that an inspection had been made of the meter in the woman's house by the complaint department but that the inspector had reported back that the meter was running true. "Are there no leaks in your house, madam?" the inspector asked. The woman snorted. "Don't you think I'd smell them?" she retorted. With a smile the superintendent agreed with her and diplomatically reduced her bill to correspond with those of previous months. Thanking him, she left mollified. "The public be served" is the motto today.

Then the superintendent began his investigation. From experience in the bill collecting department during cadet days he had learned a chapter of human nature—the difference between a "deadbeat" and the honest consumer. From the woman's facial expressions and method of stating her case he had at once judged her honest. Too many "deadbeats" had he met in cadet bill collecting days not to know one, nine times out of ten. Hence his instant decision to reduce the woman's bill. Good policy this, for he judged her the kind of woman who repeats her household difficulties; it was all good advertising, and just, too. As a cadet the inspector had also inspected meters. He ran over in his mind all the cases of those years. He selected some that suggested

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a parallel to the present situation, called an inspector, outlined his problem and similar problems of exorbitant bills that he had traced back to defective apparatus in his cadet days. The following day the inspector reported that by a process of elimination, by applying the possibilities that the superintendent had given him, he had run down the trouble. The woman was being charged with another consumer's gas as well as her own. So does the cadet school experience in the hands of the men who are chosen as cadets—and only able men are chosen—bring up the efficiency of the organization and pleases the public whom it serves.

Upon the ability of this country to develop in the next few years the type of man who can succeed in foreign countries will depend the future of this country as a commercial nation. The war has given us opportunities for world service. With these opportunities have come responsibilities. We shall take advantage of the opportunities and successfully meet the responsibilities providing the young men of today will show themselves in every way qualified and capable of assuming the obligations of world citizenship."

Bond houses are also establishing these cadet schools. One organization in Wall Street asked those of its employees who wished to become bond salesmen, to write letters stating their qualifications. The idea was to develop bond men from within the organization; to school men in the securities handled by the organization; to develop a business house loyalty. Those employees who said they wanted to sell bonds were given a course of lectures by the best bond salesmen in the organization. An hour in the late afternoon every day was devoted to it. They were first shown the difference between bonds and stocks, that the owner of one was a creditor, that the owner of the other was a partner. After they had learned these fundamentals they were given an intimate knowledge of the securities and the nature of the company that issued these securities. Thus, when they came to sell the bonds, they could talk intelligently upon them. They were made to have an enthusiasm for these bonds, to believe that their house had absolutely the best bonds in Wall Street.

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After these cadet school lectures were finished, the men were then given a try-out. They were given bonds to sell to their friends in their leisure hours. On the success of these sales was determined to a large extent the man's ability to be a bond salesman. The work in the cadet school, the selling try-out, the discussion afterwards with the leader of the class, developed the fact that some cadets had "statistical minds" and could not possibly sell anything. On the other hand, cadets with "salesmen's minds" were uncovered. These cadets were then given a highly specialized series of lectures in which export salesmen told of their experience, of objections that would be raised and how to overcome them.

A foreign banker watched one of these classes. When it was over, he turned to his friend, the manager of the house, and said, "You are making, not salesmen but selling hounds. I would judge it impossible to get away from one of these men without buying a bond of him."

The cadet school is a big step forward. Only the most far-sighted of our business organizations have established cadet schools. The others are taking what comes along and letting their employees knock themselves into shape in the hard and somewhat long school of experience—which is both wasteful of time and uncertain in results and devilish costly to employer. There is a survival of the fittest in business just as in nature, and those organizations which are making themselves fit are leading the field.

The example has been set by the shrewd, far-sighted men of Big Business. Will others follow and develop by cadet schools within their organization, highly efficient young men?—"selling hounds," as the foreigner who watched the bond class put it. America needs such men today. America needed them yesterday, as the comparison of our trade activities in South America, Africa and Asia, compared to some European nations will show. America is going to need efficient men more than ever tomorrow, when Europe begins its terrific fight for trade to pay the bills of this war.

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STABILIZING FINANCE IN BUSINESS

By A WALL STREET OBSERVER

OPTIMISM is a big asset in business; the man without a vision hitched to hope, doesn't get far; but easy optimism, that sits back in the rocking chair and waits for good times, easy money and a rising market, finds himself rocked off against the wall, sooner or later.

We have gone through the crucial period and answered the query—Will the people stand by the government, financially. The people, the banks, the great industrial organizations have come to the front with cash to win the war. We are beginning to get a glimpse of the vast resources of this country. The Second Liberty Loan made people gasp. The ease with which our great financiers and our industries took great blocks of Liberty Loan bonds gave the people, the small business man and the average investor, a confidence that we would and could see this war through. "Our task this year has been stupendous," said Secretary McAdoo, "but our resources are adequate, *the will is perfect,* the spirit indomitable, and success certain."

Mr. McAdoo knows what we will need next year and approaches the task of raising the money with confidence. He believes that we will be able to raise through banks seventy-five billions if needed. To the average man the next important thought reflected is a remark by Mr. Charles H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company. "The proceeds from the sale of Liberty Bonds will be expended in this country by our Government and by the Allied Governments, to whom we are making loans," says Mr. Sabin, "and as Secretary McAdoo has explained, the situation is largely a mere matter of shifting credits and that money will remain in this country and will not involve any loss of gold or any loss of values. It is obvious that the more money there is spent in this country the greater will be our prosperity. The

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greater, too, will be America's dominance of world finances and exchanges."

These are stabilizing influences in finance, which mean stabilizing influences in business.

WILL PROFITS DISAPPEAR?

In the mind of any investor or business man the question is inevitable: Will profits be eaten up, and business be curtailed? The vast budget of taxes, personal and corporation, is bound to curtail living conditions. The country has and must adhere to a more restricted mode of living. Economics in living and expenditure must prevail and a cessation of extravagance and expansion follow the heels of war. Those who do not realize this principle will suffer, but those who draw in their sails, trim the ship and sail close to the breeze will have no cause to complain. The great impulse that has come to all industries, manufacturing, transporting or financing war material, will return two-fold to the people.

There is more money in circulation, in rapid circulation, than ever before in the history of the nation. The expenditures of the nation will be more economically administered than ever before. Banker Otto H. Kahn has advised the President to appoint a board of economic and financial strategy, composed in part, at least, of business men, to deliberate and advise as to the exigencies of our finances and our after war conditions.

SECRETARY BAKER'S ADVICE

Financiers and business men are coming together, as never before, to meet the war conditions and stabilize our economic affairs. Secretary Baker advises that "every effort that this country is capable of making should be applied to bring the war to a speedy and successful conclusion. The resources of the country in a general way may be said to consist of men, money and material. During the period of the war any new enterprises or undertaking should be tried and justified by the test: Will the men, money and material so applied best contribute in this way to the winning

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of the war? New enterprises which are not fundamental to the efficient operation of the country's necessary activities should not be undertaken. This will not result adversely upon business or conditions of employment, because every man and every resource will be needed during the war."

In this connection Judge Gary, of the Steel Trust, has said: "We have no lives to spare, no money to waste. We would conserve life and property whenever possible within limits of duty and propriety."

What the cost of the war will be no man may say with accuracy, but a pamphlet recently issued by the Mechanics' & Metals National Bank states that an estimate based on current expenditures, including those of the United States, indicate that, if the war goes through the fourth year, to Aug. 1, 1918, the total military cost will be $155,600,000,000, and the daily outlay will average $107,000,000.

THE COST OF THE WAR

This calculation means, that there will have been laid out for military purposes, if the war does not end before next August, a sum greater than the developed wealth of any single nation of the world, other than the United States. It means that for war there has already been expended an amount three times as large as the total indebtedness of every nation in the world, as that indebtedness stood in 1914; four times as large as all the deposits of the banks of the United States; ten times as large as the value of all our agricultural products in a given year; twelve times as large as the value of our annual foreign trade; one thousand times as large as the amount of the annual American gold output.

It means that the war has already required a sum that would have extended the railroad mileage of the United States to several times its present length, and that, besides, would have carried steamship lines to every corner of the earth. Instead, the money has been spent for organized destruction, and for every month over which hostilities continue to progress $5,000,000,000 more are added to the cost. This means that there is required of the world every month

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an amount of money double that expended during the entire Russo-Japanese War, which lasted eighteen months. It means that the Boer War is being concentrated into every eight days of this war. It means that the Franco-Prussian War is being fought over and over again, its entire cost being compressed each time into a space of three weeks. It means that our Civil war—hitherto the greatest contest in world history—is being duplicated with such intensity that a counterpart of the four-year struggle between the North and South is reproduced every fifty days.

The bank states that the sum of money expended since the middle of 1914 has been greater than the combined money expenditure of all other wars in the history of the world. The Napoleonic wars cost no more than $6,250,000,000. The combined direct cost of the six greatest military struggles in the 125 years preceding the present war was no greater than $25,000,000,000.

WHAT THE DIFFERENT NATIONS HAVE SPENT

Great Britain's outlay, the pamhlet says, is the largest of the nations, being $35,000,000 a day, and $39,000,000 when loans and advances to allies are considered. The direct expense of the United States is $29,400,000 daily, and $40,360,000 including loans. Germany's outlay is $27,000,000 and that of France $20,200,000 a day. Including loans, the United States disbursed $3,500,000,000 from Aug. 1, 1914, to the same date this year, in war expenditures. Great Britain's gross expenditure in that period was $25,800,000,000; that of Germany, $22,100,000,000, and of France, $17,400,000,000.

Despite this vast expenditure, states this great banking institution, "yet chaos seems less imminent than at the outset of the war, and ruin and national bankruptcy are considered sufficiently remote to permit all the powers to go on borrowing freely, and to contemplate still further credit operations and life sacrifices in the prosecution of their several ambitions to fight on and vanquish the enemy."

As the nation more and more mobilizes upon a war in-

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dustry basis the flow of money through war commodities will be returned to a wider range of people. To-day labor is receiving its highest pay; it is almost universally receiving its demands, in keeping with the higher cost of living. The farmer was never so prosperous and the manufacturer cannot keep pace with his orders. The transportation lines, railways and steamships are congested and the professional man and clerk and salaried man is beginning to get the advance necessary to meet his bills. This reveals that money is freely moving around the circuit—it is reaching the pockets of all. These are elements of stabilization and coupled with the Government's assumption of control and price—fixing of commodities—hold-ups of the necessities of life will be more and more remote. The uncertainty of Government price-fixing upset business and caused hardship, but that was the growing pains of the birth of stabilization. Price-fixing, once a crime under the Sherman Act, becomes a reasonable and, in fact, an essential condition when war conditions drain the country's natural resources. The Government's position that it may name the selling price and enforce sales to the people is not only necessary but sound. In fact, without it, there would be a riot of hold-ups such as was in process in coal and wheat. Despite price-fixing by the Government, advance reports indicate that in the great industries the earnings of the year now closing will exceed those of 1916. The outlook for 1918, except among smaller concerns who may not be able to carry out the economies and meet the Government's requirements, is good. The only cloud on the horizon in big business is labor.

"Price-fixing" in the labor market may not be feasible. It is not as easy to control the human unit as it is to legislate upon the material. There are hints, however, that large importations of Oriental labor may be the solution. Even as England has transported many thousands of coolies both to Canada, Great Britain and France, so we may let down the bars and easily relieve the labor situation. We found the Chinese coolie a solution—and the only one—to the war situation in the Philippines. Why not as a war measure

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here? Great Chinese labor companies offer to bring in labor and guarantee by bond their return to China after a set period. This is not a new method of recruiting labor in times of need. Perhaps we shall come to it—be forced to come to it.

There is a famous remark, once made by the late J. P. Morgan. It is as good to-day as when he uttered it. "Whoever is a bear on the country will go broke," he said. It is not a time for fear in economic conditions any more than for fear of our foe. The country is moving through a stage of war mobilization, and just as the temperament of our people is affected so are our business and conditions. But as each problem comes up and is met by our mobilized brain power so will the stability of our markets and business be reflected.

Active confidence in America's strength, conservation that is not stinginess, enterprise that is not moved by greed, and beneath all *patriotism,* will be each man's contribution to stabilization of our financial, industrial and business life. That is the zone of war that we are entering into at home.

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NEW BOOKS

[Opening a Permanent Department]

By C. COURTENAY SAVAGE

The Book of the Month

Of the many books that have resulted from the world war it would be difficult to choose one that has more present day value to Americans than James W. Gerard's story of his four years as Ambassador at Berlin.[1] Some few war books have been written from the German angle, most of the truly important ones (and the output numbers somewhere in the thousands) have been written by authors who told their personal experiences—the little scene of the great drama in which they were called on to play a part. Some of these narratives—"The First Hundred Thousand," "Over the Top," "Kitchener's Mob," "The Hilltop on the Marne"—have been remarkable and will probably receive a permanent place in English literature, but this new book by Mr. Gerard has a deeper note than any war book I personally have read, and gives to Americans a very vivid picture, not of the actual fighting, but of the people and conditions that we have been called on to battle with in our fight that democracy may rule.

In his foreword Mr. Gerard calls his reader's attention to the fact that the American traveling through Germany in the Summer time learns little of the real Germany or its rulers. Very true, and surely the autocracy he pictures would not deign to associate with the mere traveler who "spends a month having his liver tickled at Homberg or Carlsbad." To the average American man or woman—that is, the type of fellow who is going over to France to fight, or the young woman who is going over as a nurse, a Y. M. C. A. assistant or any other of the positions that Americans are holding in France at the present time—the autocracy and caste that is described in the first chapters of this chronicle seems to be impossible, laughable. The *Schleppencour,* the

[1] "My Four Years in Germany," by James W. Gerard. George H. Doran Company. $2 net.

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first great ceremonial of the Berlin season and named because of the long trains worn by the women, seems more like the description of some new spectacle at the Hippodrome—perhaps the paragraph describing how the court dances are practiced beforehand will give an idea of the autocracy of the country—and surely the following shows the absolute methods under which the military and court circles live:

"In connection with court dancing it is rather interesting to note that when the tango and turkey trot made their way over the frontiers of Germany in the autumn of 1913 *the Emperor issued a special order that no officers of the army or navy should dance any of these dances or should go to the house of any person who, at any time, whether officers were present or not, had allowed any of these new dances to be danced. This effectually extinguished the turkey trot, the bunny hug and the tango and maintained the waltz and the polka in their old estate. It may seem ridiculous that such a decree should be so solemnly issued, but I believe that the higher authorities in Germany earnestly desired that the people, and especially the officers of the army and navy, should learn not to enjoy themselves too much. A great endeavor was always made to keep them in a life, so far as possible, of Spartan simplicity. For instance, the army officers were forbidden to play polo, not because of anything against the game, which, of course, is splendid practice for riding, but because it would make a distinction in the army between rich and poor."*

The army! The army! Obedience! Spartan restrictions! All these from the moment of one's birth! No wonder that they are able to fight and die without a qualm. Going back again to his foreword, Mr. Gerard says that:

"The German nation is not one which makes revolutions. There will be scattered riots in Germany, but no simultaneous rising of the whole people. The officers of the army are all of one class and of a class devoted to the ideals of autocracy. A revolution of the army is impossible; and at home there are only the boys and old men, easily kept in subjection by the police."

After his clever pictures of court life and its social customs Mr. Gerard draws sketchily, with an eye to acquainting his readers briefly on the political and geographical conditions that existed in Germany on his arrival. These, together with his story of his diplomatic work the first winter, and of the Zabern affair, prepare one for the situation as it appeared just before the outbreak of war. The story of those feverish days, when the Emperor left Kiel in the midst

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of the races, and particularly the incident when the Crown Prince rose and addressed the officers of the visiting British fleet—"We are sorry you are going, and we are sorry you came"—prove almost conclusively that Germany was ready—ready and waiting most anxiously—for the crucial moment when her dream of Empire could, as some savage dog, be unleashed upon the nations of the world.

The rest of the four hundred odd pages of the book follow closely the work of Ambassador Gerard from the time he was called on to take over the Embassies of the nations—whose representatives were practically mobbed out of Berlin—until the time when he made his own very peaceful exit from German soil and crossed into Switzerland.

This part of the book, however, is by far the most important. It shows how absolutely the Germans are in this war to win by fair means or foul. Mr. Gerard relates incident after incident in which some German official either suavely lied to him or else put some new law into effect just when the Ambassador felt that he was able to go ahead with work that he had planned. His chapter on Prisoners of War is a revelation of German cruelty—not cruelty in the broader sense of the word—but the refined cruelty as typified in the incidents when the authorities refused to allow Mr. Gerard to distribute clothing to the men in the prison camps on the ground that it was the duty of Germany to clothe the men. And as Germany was not doing this duty the prisoners suffered.

One could quote incident after incident from this interesting book—of Somborn, the German-American, who went the rounds of the cafes and beer halls denouncing President Wilson, and who was afterward thrown out of the American Embassy by Gerard himself; of Stoddard and his "What Shall We Do With Wilson?" pamphlets; of the efforts of the League of Truth to defile Mr. Gerard's personal character.

But enough. Get the book and read it if you wish a true picture of our present-day foe. Mr. Gerard gives no pictures of actual fighting, though he is conversant with figures of men and war machines, but his anecdotes and comments

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make a book that should be a great "first reader" to most Americans. As never before those of us who have not really lived in Germany are able to visualize the conditions that govern the race which we are fighting—to understand what there is for us to do if the last paragraph of "My Four Years in Germany" is to be made a truth:

"Fortunately America bars the way. America, led by a fighting President, who will allow no compromise with brutal autocracy."

* * * *

Three Notable Fictions

Turning abruptly to the realms of fiction there are three books which stand out prominently among the usual long list of good material from pens of well-known authors. Whether these stories would be as commanding at another time is a question each one must answer for himself, for they are books of light interest—not epics in any sense of the word—but very good reading, a rest from the war-filled columns of our daily news.

The stories are "The White Ladies of Worcester,"[2] by Florence Barclay, of "The Rosary" fame; "Summer,"[3] by Edith Wharton, and Conan Doyle's new book of Sherlock Holmes' adventures.[4]

Personally, I did not care for "The Rosary," and I know that there are several hundred people who read the story only to feel that it was too sentimental for their individual taste. However, the individual is only one small unit; the story sold just under a million copies, and therefore must have had more than a little literary value as well as telling a good story. With "The White Ladies of Worcester" I have a different report. It carries its readers back to the Twelfth Century and gives them the chronicle of Mora, who, being tricked into believing her lover unfaithful, enters a convent. Early in the book, after she has risen to be Prioress, he comes back to her, having also been tricked into be-

[2] "The White Ladies of Worcester," by Florence Barclay. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50 net.

[3] "Summer," by Edith Wharton. D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.

[4] "The Last Bow," by A. Conan Doyle. George H. Doran Company. $1.35 net.

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lieving that she had wed a rival. From that point on the story is filled with action. There is nothing especially new about the main theme, but the author's handling of the plot makes rapid reading, and there are passages of love and emotion that should help the book to as great a popularity as "The Rosary."

In the vernacular of the schoolboy, Mrs. Barclay has "stepped ahead" in the past few years, and certainly some of her character drawing is worthy to rank with the best in modern fiction. "The White Ladies of Worcester" is popular fiction of the highest quality.

"Summer," Mrs. Wharton's book, has been criticized by several of her readers as not being as fine as "Ethan Frome" and one or two others of her more popular books. Perhaps it is lacking in truly great literary quality, but the fact remains that it is from the pen of Edith Wharton, and that means perfection of no mean order. The story is simple enough and the characters easily recognizable from the gallery of one's existence. Charity Royal, a child of the "mountain people," was brought down to the impoverished New England village by the lawyer, who everlastingly stamped her place in the community when he called her "Charity" and gave her his own name. At the opening of the story its heroine is a girl in her late 'teens, and Royal, considerable of a roué as the story develops, tries to force his way into her room. The whole story breathes of sex—and it should be read by all of America's younger writers, for it shows how easily it is to write of such a vital subject and yet never become vulgar—sensuous. The fact that Mrs. Wharton has laid her scene in New England enables her to draw some types that are rather more extraordinary than their city contemporaries, but as far as plot and structure are concerned, "Summer" might have had for its background any small settlement through the world.

Incidently, I heard an unverified report that the libraries of one or two Berkshire Hill cities have refused to circulate the book. If such is the fact, Mrs. Wharton is to be doubly congratulated. It means that she has drawn her location

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and characters so well that the degeneracy of the villages surrounding the cities that refuse to acknowledge the book is so plain as to act as a conscience prick.

The last of the trilogy of books that I mentioned is the collection of Sherlock Holmes stories. I shall never forget my first introduction to Sherlock Holmes. It was "The Hound of the Baskervilles." My mother, praise be to her, had never censored my reading even though I was not more than twelve or fourteen, and finding the story on the library table one rainy Saturday I started to read. By mid-afternoon I was paralyzed with fear—mentally running down the road with the death hound after me—and my mother did not spoil one of the most vivid days of boyhood by declaring I must read no further, though she did feel it necessary to offer me the information that "it came out all right in the end."

Sherlock Holmes has lost none of his old power to thrill. "The Adventure of the Cardboard Box" has all the "punch" of the older stories, and the episode of the gruesome package sent to the contrastingly gentle spinster is worth half a dozen ordinary detective stories. After reading it one still feels the little shiver and is glad to come back to a less mysterious world. And, of course, there is a war story, "The Last Bow," and equally pleasing to the reader is the faint promise that some day there will be some more adventures of the greatest of detectives. Although it is many years since the Holmes was a new character in fiction, Conan Doyle has wisely given us only small installments of his adventures at intervals. Perhaps this is the reason why the new stories seem so exceedingly virile.

Books as Christmas Gifts

Books should play a prominent part in Christmas buying this year, for they make good gifts and are easy to send (an item when one is thinking of training camps and France), and a good book can be bought at a comparatively small sum.

Looking over the list of books available for Christmas, Mrs. Elizabeth Champney's "Romance of Old Japan" [5]

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stands out prominently as a gift book. Mrs. Champney has written a number of these "romance" books, and this newest one, with its lively anecdotes and comments, is profusely illustrated after the manner of volumes from her pen. Concerning Japan, a subject prominent in the eyes of all Americans, this volume is a decidedly suitable gift.

In writing of his "Little Book for Christmas," [6] Cyrus Townsend Brady says: "I have gathered a sheaf of things I have written about Christmas—personal adventure, stories suggested by the old, ever new, theme; meditations, words of advice, which I am old enough to be entitled to give, and last but not least, good wishes and good will." This new work of one of our most popular authors comes at a time when we are sorely in need of comforting thoughts.

There is a new book by Robert Chambers! That fact in itself means many delightful hours for thousands of readers, and "Barbarians" [7] is the story-telling Mr. Chambers at his best. It is a war book, having not one hero, but twelve, and depicts the adventures, and in most cases, the death of the men who are stationed at various points along the French front. The title "Barbarians" comes from the methods used by the Germans in warfare, the methods which have made this contest the most horrible in the history of the world. "Missing," [8] by Mrs. Humphry Ward, is also a war book—one that gives its telling picture of how the war has affected English life, there being only fleeting glimpses of the actual conflict. George Sarratt's remark that the war "is bringing the nation together as nothing has ever done or could do" is perhaps the keynote of this book, which in spite of the fact that it is "one more war book," stands vividly among the fiction of the late fall. "Sonia," [9] by Stephen McKenna, is not widely different from Mrs. Ward's book,

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[5] "Romance of Old Japan," by Elizabeth W. Champney. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

[6] "Little Book for Christmas," by Cyrus Townsend Brady. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.25.

[7] "Barbarians," by Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Company. $1.40 net.

[8] "Missing," by Mrs. Humphry Ward. Dodd, Mead & Company. $1.50 net.

[9] "Sonia; Between Two Worlds," by Stephen McKenna. George H. Doran Company. $1.50 net.

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for it, too, has for its keynote (the sub-title is Between Two Worlds) the effect of the war on the English people. If there were more space it might be well to quote from the end of "Sonia," for it contains a prophecy and a question. This new McKenna novel is good reading.

Swinging back to our own country, and the peaceful times that seem so far away, we find a new book by John Fox, Jr., entitled "In Happy Valley," [10] another story of the Kentucky mountaineers, with all the rough and simple charm that Mr. Fox can give to these interesting folk. "Ladies Must Live," [11] by Alice Duer Miller, tells of the efforts of two very later-day pirates of the fairer sex whose prey is the gold-laden men of their set. It makes a light, amusing story. "Mrs. Hope's Husband," [12] by Gelett Burgess, attracted considerable attention as a serial before being brought out in book form, and among its readers was the gifted George M. Cohan, who is making into a play this story of the husband of a celebrity who suddenly, and most surprisingly recovered his lost personality and ceased to be Mrs. Hope's husband. Winston Churchill's "Dwelling Place of Light," [13] is in a more serious vein, so is Mrs. Cholmondeley's "Christine," [14] Mr. H. G. Wells' "Soul of a Bishop," [15] and "The Light in the Clearing," [16] by Irving Batcheller.

"The Sport of Kings," [17] however, is a light story filled with the speed and glamour of horse-racing. The author, Arthur Somers Roche, is one of the latest fiction writers "to arrive," and if he keeps up the very excellent work he has done in the past year, Mr. Roche should soon have more than a considerable following among the lovers of so-called "light"

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[10] "In Happy Valley," by John Fox, Jr. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.35 net.

[11] "Ladies Must Live," by Alice Duer Miller. The Century Company. $1.25.

[12] "Mrs. Hope's Husband," by Gelett Burgess. The Century Company. $1.

[13] "The Dwelling Place of Light," by Winston Churchill. The Macmillan Company. $1.60.

[14] "Christine," by Mrs. Cholmondeley. Macmillan Company. $1.25.

[15] "The Soul of a Bishop," by H. G. Wells. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

[16] "The Light in the Clearing," by Irving Batcheller. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.

[17] "The Sport of Kings," by Arthur Somers Roche. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.40 net.

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novels. "Temperamental Henry,"[18] is the spirit of youth as drawn by Samuel Merwin, and "Extricating Obadiah"[19] is a laughable Cape Cod romance by Joseph C. Lincoln.

To go on and comment on the rest of the novels of the day, some by newcomers, most of them fresh from the pens of established favorites, with the reading public, would be to make this a booksellers' chronicle. However, it would be wrong to end these notes without mentioning "Vagabonding Down the Andes,"[20] Harry Franck's record of his four years' walk through South America; the new collection of Raemaekers' Cartoons,[21] with explanatory text by Kipling, etc.; George H. Clark's[22] collection of War Poetry, comprising selections by all of the more prominent poets of the Allies, and Sara Teasdale's exquisite volume, "Love Songs."[23] This last volume contains some of the finest lyric poetry of this gifted woman, and it is to be hoped that she will attain her real popular recognition now, while she is still offering us her best work.

Some Notable Books of the Season Not Included in the Above Review:

"The Definite Object," by Jeffrey Farnol. Little, Brown & Co. $1.50 net.

"Understood Betsy," by Dorothy Canfield. Henry Holt & Company. $1.30.

"Fanny Herself," by Edna Ferber. F. A. Stokes Company. $1.40.

"A Daughter of the Morning," by Zona Gale. The Bobbs-Merrill Co. $1.40.

"The World and Thomas Kelly," by Arthur Train. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

"On the Road from Mons," by Captain A. Clifton-Shelton.

"The Brazilians and Their Country," by Clayton Sedgwick Cooper. F. A. Stokes Co.

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[18] "Temperamental Henry," by Samuel Merwin. The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $1.50 net.

[19] "Extricating Obadiah," by Joseph C. Lincoln. D. Appleton & Company. $1.50 net.

[20] "Vagabonding Down the Andes," by Harry C. Franck. The Century Company. $4.00.

[21] "Raemaekers' Cartoons," by Louis Raemaekers. The Century Company. $5.

[22] "A Treasury of War Poetry," by George Herbert Clark. Houghton-Mifflin Company. $1.25, net.

[23] "Love Songs," by Sara Teasdale. The Macmillan Company. $1.25.

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"My Adventures as a German Secret Agent," by Horst von der Goltz. Robert M. McBride & Co.

"The Wanderers," by Mary Johnston. Houghton-Mifflin Co. $1.75 net.

"Problems of the Playright," by Clayton Hamilton. Henry Holt & Co.

"Mrs. Fiske," by Alexander Woollcott. The Century Company. $2.00.

"Weights and Measures," by Franklin P. Adams. Doubleday, Page & Company. $1.00.

"Over the Top," by Arthur Guy Empey. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.50.

"Tendency in Modern American Poetry," by Amy Lowell. Macmillan Company. $2.00.

"Carry On," by Lieut. Coningsby Dawson. The John Lane Company. $1.00 net.

"The Red Planet," by William J. Locke. The John Lane Company. $1.50 net.

"The Russian Revolution." Harper & Bro. $1.00.

"The High Heart," by Basil King. Harper & Bro. $1.50.

"On the Edge of the War Zone," by Mildred Aldrich. Small, Maynard Company. $1.25.

"Great Possessions," by David Grayson. Doubleday, Page & Company.

"A Journal from Our Legation in Belgium," by Hugh Gibson. Doubleday, Page & Company. $2.50 net.

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